MAINE FARMER

AGRICULTURE MECHANIC ARTS GENERAL INTELLIGENCE &c.

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Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

BRIGHT'S NEW METHOD OF GRAPE CULTURE.

There are many in Maine who are striving with commendable faith to cultivate the grape, and we have no doubt that they will ultimately obtain a variety with which they will succeed in ripening the fruit. There is no trouble in growing the vines; all we need, is a variety that shall ripen fruit early—and the experiments of horticulturists in different sections of the Union, in getting up new varieties of early seedlings, are encouraging. Hence we feel an interest in all experiments and new processes of grape culture that we meet with.

Mr. Bright of Philadelphia, has published, or is about publishing, a work on his method of grape culture, called the "Single Stem, Dwarf and Renewal System" of Vineyard Culture. We have not seen the work referred to, but some account of his system given us by a friend, and a communication from him in the *Horticulturist* defending his priority in originating the system, gives us the main feature of it; and an account of this main feature, we think many of readers would take pleasure in reading, and, perhaps, practising.

The first principle, after having suitably prepared the soil for the reception of the vines, is to plant them closely in rows—two feet apart is the distance named by Mr. Bright. The design of this is to keep the vine dwarfed, and renew the bearing rods often, in a manner which we shall illustrate as follows:—We will suppose that you have this year (1860) set out your rows of grape vines two feet apart in the rows, and that they have thrown up a single rod, or cane, from three to six feet in length, which you have trained to a stake. In the fall you are to cut down every other one to two or three eyes, and protect all of them during the winter in the usual manner. In the spring of 1861 you will begin to fruit them, and your row will stand as in this diagram—the canes left last year bearing fruit, and the eyes of the cut canes throwing up new ones—(*Fr.*, fruiting—*Gr.*, growing):

Fr.	*Gr.*	*Fr.*	*Gr.*	*Fr.*	*Gr.*	*Fr.*	*Gr.*	*Fr.*
o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9

In the fall of 1861, after gathering your grapes, those canes that have borne fruit are cut down to two or three eyes and the new canes of 1851 suffered to remain for next year's fruiting, so that in 1862 your row may be represented thus:

Gr.	*Fr.*	*Gr.*	*Fr.*	*Gr.*	*Fr.*	*Gr.*	*Fr.*	*Gr.*
o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9

This is a very simple method, and, according to Mr. B.'s statement, very successful.

Mr. Bright, in the communication referred to, thus briefly details his method and its merits:

"I propose to cultivate native grapes with as much care and precision as we do foreign kinds, and to produce large crops of perfect grapes and large bunches free from rot or mildew.

In the first place, I require that the vine shall be planted shallow, in soil not over-rich, and the roots kept near the surface by mulching and top-dressing. Next, I demand, as a requisite to success, that the cane shall be grown as a dwarf, not over three to six feet long, and kept constantly concentrated within that limit by summer pinching, and that the laterals shall be stopped at least four times during the season. No wood of any consequence must be grown to be cut away at the fall pruning. If the vine be weakened the leader must be stopped [pinched off] several times.

When the cane is fruited, *only one branch* must ever be left on each shoot, and the shoots must be stopped, as soon as the fruit is set, at two points beyond the bunch, and the stopping process must be continued on the shoots and laterals, leaving one new leaf on each new joint each time of stopping until the stoning commences. Nor must the shoots or laterals be allowed to extend to three or four joints, either while growing the canes or when fruiting, before this stopping is performed.

My idea is to cultivate the native as carefully as we are compelled to do with the foreign vines in a pot, and if this is done, I am sure the result will be in the highest degree satisfactory. If the best possible table grapes be desired, I would advise thinning the bunches, as we do in the grapery; and I would also limit the length of the cane to three feet or less. After fruiting, then cut down the entire cane, leaving only two or three eyes on the *last year's wood*, and take a whole year to produce a new cane before fruiting again."

Again he says, "I do not prune or use the knife upon my dwarfs during the process of growth, except to cut down the entire vine every second year. I pinch in the leader, the shoots and the laterals, while yet tender, and only direct the force of the sap in new directions, *gently*, so as not to give a violent check to the cane at any time. I know very well that the vine will not endure the severe pruning of large branches, or even of strong shoots and laterals without injury. I avoid this evil by not permitting unnecessary wood to grow at all. Hence I do not prune severely. My practice is based upon stopping, not pruning."

The method recommended above, has succeeded well under Mr. Bright's management, according to the testimony given by himself and others. It looks reasonable, and is simple and easily practised. We hope those horticulturists in Maine who are experimenting with the grape, will try it, and we have little doubt of their being successful.

NO MANGE IN BLACK HOGS.

A writer in the *Southern Planter*, describing the different varieties of swine, says that he never knew black hogs to have the mange, while white ones are very subject to it and sometimes die of it.

DWARF APPLE TREES.

When scions of the common apple are engrafted on what are called Paradise stocks, the trees become dwarfish in growth. They thus form, when in a bearing state, very pretty objects in the garden, and they oftentimes bear more apples in proportion to their size than common trees of the same variety do. As they are small, they cannot of course produce a large amount of crop, and are merely garden ornaments, combining both beauty and utility in a small compass.

We are glad to see that a successful experiment has been made by H. A. Bizzel of North Carolina, by using, instead of the Paradise stock for engrafting on, what he calls the "choke berry," which is probably what we in Maine call the "swamp pear" or "shad bush," and sometimes the "planting bush" (*aronia* of the Botanists). This has been used among us as a stock on which to engraft the pear.

In a communication to the *Horticulturist*, in speaking of the remarks of a writer who was describing the skill of the Chinese in fruit culture, Mr. B. says:—"It was asserted by the writer that he had seen perfect trees, with fruit on them, not more than two feet high. Now I will show a perfect apple tree, bearing a full crop, that is not more than two feet high, on land as rich as I can make it. This is accomplished by grafting the apple into the small shrub which we call here "choke berry." * * * It does much better when the ground is moist, or too wet for apples, than when it is dry.

One of the most beautiful things I have ever seen, is a yellow Siberian crab apple worked into one of these, not more than two and a half feet high, just as full of fruit as it can be."

We would suggest, in addition to this, that the common thorn bush, which grows about our pastures, would make a good stock to engraft the apple upon for dwarfing. The pear will grow well upon it, and of course the apple will.

STATE AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS.

The following is a partial list of the State Agricultural Exhibitions to be held during the autumn of 1860. The remaining States will be added, from time to time, as we are informed of the date and location of their respective Shows:

Maine, at Portland, Sept. 25, 26, 27, 28.
Massachusetts, at Springfield, Sept. —
New Hampshire, at Manchester, Oct. 2, 3, 4.
Vermont, at Burlington, Sept. 11, 12, 13, 14.
New York, at Elmira, Oct. 2, 3, 4, 5.
New Jersey, at Elizabethtown, Sept. 4, 5, 6, 7.
Pennsylvania, at Wilkesbarre, Sept. 25, 26, 27, 28.
Illinois, at Jacksonville, Sept. 11, 12, 13, 14.
Indiana, at Indianapolis, Oct. 16, 17, 18, 19, 20.
Iowa, at Iowa City, Oct. 2, 3, 4.
Kentucky, at Bowling Green, Sept. 18, 19, 20, 21.
Georgia, at Atalanta, Oct. 23, 24, 25, 26.
Ohio, at Dayton, Sept. 25, 26, 27, 28.
Wisconsin, at Madison, Sept. 24, 25, 26, 27.
Nebraska, at Omaha, Sept. 19, 20, 21.

The United States Agricultural Exhibition will be held in Cincinnati from the 12th to the 20th of September. The premium list amounts to $20,000. No cattle will be received, on account of *pleuro pneumonia*; but large premiums will be offered for horses, machinery, steam fire-engines, &c.

For the Maine Farmer.

DEAD CALF.

I have just lost a calf that has been fed, partly on cotton seed meal. He was sick but a few days—symptoms singular. A post-mortem examination proved it to be the overflowing of the bile. As several calves have died this season that have been fed on this meal, the editor will much oblige an admirer of good stock by giving information on the subject. Truly yours,

J. W. GODDARD.

West Gardiner, 7th mo. 10th.

NOTE. We have, before, heard of such complaints in regard to feeding calves with cotton seed meal. We have, however, for two seasons past, fed both sucking and weaned calves with this sort of meal, and never had any trouble with it, on the contrary, it has always proved an excellent feed for them. We suspect that if the meal had anything to do with the death of the calves spoken of, it was given too liberally. It may be considered pretty concentrated food, and should not be given in quantities greater than the stomach can take care of easily. Ed.

For the Maine Farmer.

TANSY FOR BLOWING SANDS.

MR. EDITOR:—In my wanderings over that portion of Wayne called Buck Hill, I came upon a patch of tansy growing in one of those minature deserts, it seemed to be flourishing, and had a strong hold upon the earth. The thought was suggested that tansy might be a good plant to grow in those sands. It would not, probably, add much to the forage, but those interested in the tansy trade can calculate the profits of the investment. In a *defensive* point of view it might be all important to prevent the overflow of the sand, and inundation of the farms and buildings.

OBSERVATION.

Winthrop, July 14, 1860.

NOTE. In some parts of Wayne, near the Androscoggin river, are patches of sand so destitute of any clay or other adhesive matter that the wind blows them about, and they have, in some instances been blown upon and thereby cover better soil. Our correspondent proposes to remedy that *flux* by doses of *tansy*. Would not a sprinkling of twitch grass with it be a good addition? A clay *poultice* would be a sovereign remedy.

Ed.

ROSE SLUGS.

A writer says:—"The slug, which is so partial to rose leaves, crawling round, snail-like, in his slimy path, is successfully destroyed by dusting with ashes, plaster, or anything that will absorb his slime, which seems to be his essential element. Perhaps many are not familiar with the slug, or may not understand its operations. I will just say, then, when you see the green substance of the rose or other leaf eaten off, leaving nothing but the faded network or skeleton of the leaf, that is the work of the slug; and if you examine closely, you will likely find them on some neighboring leaves afloat, as it were, in their slime, being much of the color of the foliage they feed upon."

WATERPROOF COATING FOR CLOTH.

Boiled linseed oil containing about an ounce of the oxyd of manganese, or litharge, to the quart, will make an excellent waterproof coating for cotton or linen cloth. Put on several coats with a brush, and allow each to dry perfectly.

For the Maine Farmer.

EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS

Delivered before the Norridgewock Farmer's Club, by S. L. BOARDMAN.

Of what advantage to the farmer is a knowledge of botany? He may think it is wholly useless, or, if of any importance, not of sufficient amount to warrant his giving any time to its study. Take a spear of grass, and what can he tell of its structure and formation, or to which class it belongs; and can he tell its several parts, the calyx from the corolla, or the stamens from the pistils?—But to speak of the claims which the grasses demand upon your attention. Consider that they "embrace nearly a sixth part of the whole vegetable kingdom; they clothe the globe with perpetual verdure, or adorn it, at fixed seasons, with a thick matted carpet of green, none the less beautiful for its simplicity; it nourishes and sustains, by far, the greater part of the animals that serve us and minister to our wants." When we consider the fact that throughout the middle and northern parts of the United States, it is necessary for us to feed our cattle at their stalls from four to six months out of the twelve, for which our main dependence must be upon the grasses gathered from the fields the summer previous; "it is plain then, in an economical point of view, this subject is one of the most important that can engage the attention of our farmers." But look at the annual value of the grass crop to our country. For hay and pasturage together it is estimated at above three hundred millions of dollars; while, to our own State, the grass crop is more than double, in value, all the other field crops which we raise, embracing corn, wheat, rye, barley, oats, buckwheat, beans, peas, and potatoes—the estimated value of which is ten millions of dollars.

By the last census, (1850,) the hay crop stood in value as the fourth of the agricultural products of our country, and but four other States produced more than Maine. Proceed a step farther. If but five per cent. of the value of the hay crop in this State is lost yearly by improper harvesting, cutting at a wrong time, or damaged by rains, the total amount would be five hundred thousand dollars. Are not these important facts; items which should be deemed worthy of close attention by each farmer of our State? One other thing which a proper botanical knowledge of the grasses would teach is, the amount of grass seed per acre, and the different varieties to be sown. From accurate experiments, made by men eminently qualified, it has been found that if several varieties of seeds are properly mixed they may be grown together upon the same ground, producing at once a larger yield, of a better quality of hay; and it is well known that a mixture is always preferred by stock, to a single kind.

I am led to believe that the subject of entomology has not received so much attention from the people of this State as would be for our advantage. With the exception of the brief report of Dr. True of Bethel, on "Insects injurious to vegetation," inserted in Mr. Goodale's third volume upon our State agriculture, I know of nothing in the shape of reports or books from which any attempt can be made to obtain even an elementary knowledge of this highly important study.

Several years ago Prof. Harris, of Harvard University, prepared a very learned treatise upon the "Insects of New England injurious to vegetation," which is now, and will long be considered a standard authority. This work may have found its way into this State, but I have never seen it in possession of farmers, only in a few instances. For a number of years the New York State Ag'l Society have paid Dr. Asa Fitch, (the most eminent entomologist in America,) a salary of $1000 per annum, to prosecute his studies in this department of the Natural Sciences, and his five reports convey to the people a vast deal of information upon one of the most important branches of knowledge with which an agriculturist can become acquainted.

Upon this topic I fear there is too great an ignorance among our farmers. There is hardly a crop which we cultivate, or attempt to, which has not an enemy in the form of destructive insects; and each year the ravages of these insects among our crops is alarmingly on the increase, while our knowledge of them is no better than it was years ago. All farmers know that their plums drop from the trees, and they wonder the cause; but how many are acquainted with the curculio and its habits, together with the plans adopted to prevent its ravages? One will say that his orchard does not bear as well as in former years, and the reason he cannot account for. In Dr. Fitch's reports there are described ninety four insects which affect the trunk, leaves and fruit of the apple tree, and it may be our friend's orchard is infected by the borer without his knowing it. It is a fact, also, with which we are well acquainted, that wheat cannot be grown now as formerly, yet we are not well posted in regard to the wheat midge, hessian fly or chinch bug. People have likewise given up the growth of onions simply because the onion fly and maggot have become such enemies to its successful cultivation.

Some recent remarks furnished to the *Prairie Farmer*, founded upon the statistics of Illinois, in regard to the value of the orchard products in that State, may serve as an illustration of the topic which we are now surveying:

"The annual value of products from orchards in Illinois exceeds $500,000, and if the injuries done to the orchards by destructive insects could be prevented, it would be one-fifth more." So these insects cost the fruit growers of that State $100,000. This statement is accompanied by the following remarks:—"To write and study about and hunt bugs is, by many, considered rather a small business, and often brings upon the individual who does it, not only ridicule and assumed contempt, but also persecution. But when the citizens of Illinois become convinced that, annually, they pay nearly one million dollars to feed the bugs, it will not appear so small a business."

Take ornithology as another branch of the Natural Sciences to which the farmer should pay special attention, and what attractions it offers. Much is thus acquired by observation which cannot be obtained in any other way, and this knowledge is of the greatest importance. To notice the habits of our beneficial and injurious birds is certainly one of the most interesting and pleasing studies, a study to which the young should early give attention.

The birds which are of great service to the farmer, he often thinks as his enemies, and those which are busiest in destroying insects destructive to vegetation, he supposes to be engaged in making depredations upon vegetation himself. By careful estimates a distinguished ornithologist has found that crows and other birds to the number of 400 destroy caterpillars and other insects in the course of a year, to the number of 25,459,200,000! Shall the birds then be destroyed or the farmer remain ignorant of their uses and habits. You can have birds or you can have destructive insects; it depends, in a great measure, upon yourself as to the choice. If you prefer vermin and bugs on the trees and crops, the tops, branches, leaves, roots, and everywhere, then destroy the birds.

To refer to geology, mineralogy, meteorology and other branches, all of which are closely connected with agriculture, and the study of which would vastly benefit the farmer, would take up more time than is warrantable. But let me tell you to "turn back the leaves of the great book on which you tread and read in the rocks the history of long gone-by creations; trace the tree from embryo to perfection; observe clouds and winds, storm and sunshine, and find even these erratic visitors of the air subject to law; turn up the soil, and with a chemist's eye mark the changes of the mold under the influence of rain and manure; carry out these thoughts and see as you get used to mental labor, if the result is not felt all over, a lightness of heart and a sense of equality in whatever society you may be thrown. Awake then sluggard, and arise thou that sleepest."

Let me leave this part of my subject with a single remark. Suppose that a farmer knows the correct name of every plant, with its properties, that grows on his farm; the composition of its minerals and rocks, would not such knowledge add greatly to his happiness? Then he could work understandingly, and his daily walks in the fields would be enlivened by familiar acquaintances. Not a flower or plant or pebble, would escape his notice, indeed, there is nothing which tends more than the study of nature to increase the powers of observation. The naturalist sees beauties unseen by others; tastes and pleasures unfelt and unknown to others. "He sees wisdom in the trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything." He does not become tired and disgusted with life, and find fault with the world and the order of Providence, but the more he studies the more he discovers wisdom, design and goodness in the arrangement of things, and a unity of design in that arrangement, proclaiming that its author is one and the same, possessing all knowledge and power.

NOTE. Since delivering the address, Feb. 7th, from which this extract is taken, I have made a brief examination of Secretary Goodale's fourth Report upon our agricultural progress. As I anticipated, a large part of it is devoted to the subject of "Grasses," than which, there is no more important one to the farmers of this State. It is not so complete as could be wished, but, nevertheless, is of great value. Flint's "Grasses and Forage Plants," is, without doubt, the best work upon this subject which can be obtained, and should be studied by all Maine farmers. The essay of Dr. True of Bethel, to which reference is made, and from which I have drawn for some illustrations, as also from Mr. Flint's work, is valuable for a report so brief, and written in a style so plain and familiar as to render it of great benefit to the large body of our husbandry not fully acquainted with entomology. It gives me pleasure to learn that a new edition of Dr. Harris' is soon to be published, carefully edited by Mr. Flint, Secretary of Mass. Board of Agriculture. Richardson's "Pests of the Farm," and Darlington's "Weeds and Useful Plants;" published by Messrs. Saxton & Barker, N. Y., would greatly aid the farmer in becoming acquainted with the branches upon which they treat.

South Norridgewock.

AMERICAN FRUITS FOR JAPAN.

We have already received some choice plants from Japan, and now that a treaty has been concluded between that strange nation and our own, and visits interchanged, we may hope for far greater and more beautiful additions. The interchange no doubt will be found of mutual advantage. D. M. Dewey, of Rochester, who is a publisher of over three hundred varieties of colored plates, representing the leading fruits and flowers cultivated in this country, with his usual tact, conceived the idea of giving our recent Japanese visitors a glimpse of our horticultural productions. Knowing that at this season of the year, it was impossible to show them the fruits themselves, he prepared a set of his colored representations as a present, and believing that a personal presentation and explanation would be most desirable, he arranged, with a mutual friend in New York, to have them presented by the Rev. Mr. Stuart, Chaplain of the Niagara, on shipboard, when at sea. He will then be able to give a careful explanation of our modes of culture, &c., and thus amuse and interest the Embassy on their return voyage to Japan. The idea was a most happy one, and we believe may result creditably to our interest in this department.—*Rural New Yorker.*

HORSE SHOEING.

Latterly considerable interest is being manifested in the different papers devoted in part or wholly to the agricultural and stock interests of the country in horse shoeing. This we have always regarded as a most important matter to all who own or use horses, and it has seemed strange to us that so few shoers understand the nature of their calling. No horse that is badly shod can travel easily, safely or well, and many who use horses that cut their legs or trip, suppose that the fault is in the horse, while, in fact, no one is in fault but the shoer. There are hardly two horses that require precisely the same shaped shoe or that it be put on in precisely the same way; hence to shoe every horse so as not to pinch, and consequently injure the feet, and at the same time so that he can perform his work easily and well, requires considerable experience, and more than common skill and intelligence on the part of horse shoers.—*Am. Stock Journal.*

For the Maine Farmer.

WAYSIDE NOTES OF TRAVEL.—NO. 30.

LEE, July 9, 1860.

My last "Note of Travel" was from Patten, June 15. Since that time I have made the tour of Aroostook, through No. 11, Presque Isle, Fort Fairfield, Houlton, Linneus, &c. This is the sixth time I have traveled through Aroostook, and it improves wonderfully on each repeated visit. Roads, farms, villages, buildings, all improve; and the land and natural advantages, the scenery and beauties of forest and field, become more and more charming and inviting, every time they are seen. The snow was gone earlier than usual this spring; a long period of dry weather afforded an opportunity for clearing a large amount of new land, and there were never so large fields of grain and other crops growing as now; and never did every growing crop appear more promising. Frequent showers in every part of the county since the first of June, and the unusual warm weather, has clothed the whole face of the earth with the deepest green, indicating a most luxuriant growth of every description of crops.

At Masardis we come to the Aroostook river, thirty-six miles north of Patten. This town has been settled but about twenty-two years. One of the first settlers was Joseph Pollard, Esq., who came here before any road was made for more than seventy miles below. He brought his first supplies by water, up the Penobscot, thence up the East Branch, carried over to some of the upper waters of the Aroostook, and thence down to this place. He has now a farm, having 200 acres cleared; cuts annually, on an average, 100 tons of hay; sowed this year 163 bushels of grain, including 12 bushels of wheat. His usual crop of wheat is from 20 to 30 bushels to the acre; sometimes he has raised 40 bushels. Fifty bushels of oats to the acre is a middling crop; sometimes the crop is much larger.

Mr. Pollard's grounds around his buildings, are covered with fruit trees and shrubs. He has a large number of the common apple trees, some of which do not seem to flourish whilst others bear well; also crab apple trees—two varieties—which are as hardy as the hemlock and spruce, bear abundantly and never fail. He has three kinds of cherries; currants, six varieties; gooseberries, five varieties; three varieties of the strawberry; two kinds of grapes; and four varieties of the plum, including the Canada plum, which is a native of the banks of the St. John. The butternut, or oilnut tree adorns his grounds, as well as many ornamental trees and shrubs. Mr. Pollard says that currants, gooseberries, crab apples, and cherries, do better here than any where else that he has ever been acquainted. It is a treat to walk over his garden and fields, and see the almost endless variety of useful and ornamental plants which flourish at the bidding of a man of rural taste, who, in less than a quarter of a century, has converted an immense wilderness into a fruitful field.

Further along,—down the Aroostook towards No. 11, some four miles,—lives my friend Eben Trafton, another of nature's noblemen, who knows how to make out of the dust of the earth food for man and beast. The most of his farm is intervale, which is annually overflowed, sometimes six feet deep. Upon a portion of this he has raised oats for nine years in succession, without any diminution of the amount of the crop. He has this year 46 acres in grain, 2 acres of potatoes, besides other crops. Last year he raised 1230 bushels of oats by measure, which he sold at 30 lbs. to the bushel, and they weighed 1400 bushels. He had last year, 1490 bushels of grain in all, by measure. He cuts annually 40 tons of hay. This farm has been carved out of the wilderness within the last eight or ten years, and there may be a thousand more just such ones made upon the banks of the Aroostook.

Friend Trafton remarked that, in addition to all his other crops, he had just harvested a *boy*, weighing ten and a half pounds, which he should not think of selling for one hundred dollars per pound. May his sons be as plants grown up in their youth, and his daughters as corner-stones polished after the similitude of the palace.

Presque Isle is a giant in embryo—an "irrepressible" youth, which neither fire can consume nor floods drown. Seven years ago it was a mere hamlet, having a backwoods tavern, a few inferior dwellings, and a small store. It has now, I know not how many elegant dwellings, a splendid hotel (at which are one hundred arrivals weekly), stores filled with goods and crowded with buyers, two weekly newspapers, and machine shops filled with artizans and their customers. A few weeks ago, eighteen buildings, including the Academy, were a prey to the flames. From the ashes have already arisen, or building, as many, and much better buildings than were burnt. The Academy is to be immediately rebuilt; a Meeting-house is to be built, and by September no stranger would dream that a fire ever visited this village. In addition to all this, the citizens of this town and vicinity have raised by subscription $3500, which, with $3000 appropriated by the State, is to be expended this summer in building a bridge over the Aroostook. Presque Isle is bound to flourish.

There is but one annoyance in Aroostook, and that is the rum taverns. The grand old forest, the green fields, the waving grain and golden harvests, the silvery streams and lofty Katahdn, are all beautiful to behold; and the open-hearted hospitality and sociability of the people, charming to enjoy; but these rum places, where strangers are compelled sometimes to abide, are those plague-spots which *prove* that there is no rose without its thorn. Whether it is travelers like myself who go there, or the people who dwell there, that have sins which Providence is determined to punish by suffering these grog-shops to exist, I shall not attempt to decide. But of one thing I am certain, they would not be permitted to remain were it not for the sins of somebody. There are a great many, however, repenting of the sin which supports them, and I hope that ere long they will all "go out like a candle." One has already thus gone out. Smith & Wing, who keep the deservedly popular house at Mattawamkeag, have advertised that hereafter their house will be conducted on "Temperance Principles." Mr. Hiram Gould, of the "Monticello House," also has a house free of rum. Flourishing Divisions of the Sons exist at Fort Fairfield, Presque Isle, Monticello, Houlton, Linneus, Hodgdon, and perhaps in other places. Backwoods Division, at Presque Isle, had their hall, furniture, regalia and records burned; but the calamity only increased their efficiency and usefulness. Their losses are all repaired, except the hall, and they are soon to have another, better than the former.

The emigration to Aroostook neither slumbers nor sleeps. There is as much, or more, this year than ever before. I should think I met more than fifty emigrants, in two days, between Houlton and Lincoln. The woods everywhere are full of people, looking for land or felling trees. The census returns will disclose a population in Aroostook larger than any are prepared to expect.

S.

EXHAUSTING CROPS.

How frequently we see this term used. Let the farmer remember that the whole earth, from the surface to the centre, is made up of the raw materials of which plants may be formed, and that a change of condition, such as always will occur by atmospheric influences, brought about by under-draining and sub-soil plowing, must free from their prison houses the particles of soil, all the inorganic constituents of plants, and that by progression these become proper pabulum; that in the absence of such progression, fertilizers may be used containing all the requirements of plants in a progressed condition. Let him remember that the question should not be "how little manure will raise a crop?" but rather "how much may be used with increased profit?" and rest assured he will discover no exhausting crops.

It is true that the judicious agriculturist will change the style of his crop so that the excretia of a farmer, may be used as food for a current crop; but unless he repeats plants of a similar kind too often in the same locality, he need but remember that every constituent of the soil is more valuable in crop form than when latent in the earth; and to know that the true rest of the soil is a proper succession of crops. If he desire to raise the same crops in the same place a number of times, he should know that he must add to the soil in a progressed condition such ingredients as that special crop most requires. Thus if the crop require potash, let him add unleached wood ashes, and find it an exhaustible crop if he can. The mere fact that his soil contains the debris of feldspar, which the chemist will inform him has seventeen per cent of potash, is no proof that the soil can bear potash plants, for although all potash originally came from feldspar, still in that condition it is not fit food to be assimilated by plant-life. Bunker Hill monument contains feldspar in large quantities; who would think of raising a cabbage on top of it? And the theorist who supposes that grinding it to a powder would cause it to fertilize a cabbage, is mistaken: he requires that mother nature should have raised lichens and mosses, and have first taken up this potash and then re-deposited it in the soil, carrying it in turn through the various changes of the lower order of agricultural products, before the potash is capable of sustaining a higher order of plants. He might as well go to the mountain side and try to sustain his life by swallowing the powdered rocks, and still in man he can find by analysis no constituent that did not originally arise from the rocks.

Let the farmer be more practical, then he will find chastened science useful to him. Let him learn that when his crop requires potash he must take it from other crops of less value. Thus the ashes of the oak tree can fertilize the cauliflower, while the feldspar cannot; the bone of the animal will supply the phosphate while phosphatic rock will not, and its more immediate value may be increased by such treatment as will render the phosphate of the bone soluble and divisible, and therefore suited to sustain plant-life. We have yet to see a soil at all exhausted, which has received a fair dose of bones decomposed by sulphuric acid, mixed with the dried blood of animals.—*Working Farmer.*

WORKING CATTLE VS. HORSES.

The patience, meekness, and uncomplaining toil of the working ox ought, although it does not always, to endear him to his master, and ensure for him kind usage and protection. The writer has a very vivid recollection of the successive yokes of oxen, which, during the years of his childhood (up the valley of the Genesee,) were owned and worked by his father. The country at that time was comparatively new and much of it of course covered with a dense growth of wood and timber. These cattle had about as distinct and marked features and character, as different men; but all of them were similar in one thing, and that was, doing to the best of their ability the labor required of them. Amid logs and stumps, on side hills and in swamps, over rough roads and through bridgeless streams, we have seen them plod, where horses could not, or would not go. Some of their drivers were kind, others harsh and cruel. One in particular is remembered, who was eternally wielding the whip, and seemed never to be happy unless belaboring his team. He was a good teamster in some respects, and took good care of his cattle, but this defect in his management spoiled all.

Working oxen, although far more patient and enduring under ill treatment than the horse, yet are themselves susceptible to the influences of kindness, and respond quite as readily to the encouraging efforts of the driver, as to the lash. One yoke of beautiful red cattle is now recollected, which scarcely knew what it was to be beaten, and were so well trained as to be driven side by side around a field, hawed and geed, and backed, without so much as a tow string to confine them together. These cattle were subsequently sold at auction, in order to settle an estate, and their admirable training run them up full twenty-five dollars above the market price.

Oxen are much better in many respects for working than horses; some of which advantages may be summed up as follows: They cost much less in the first instance, and are therefore more within the reach of men of moderate means. They are less liable to disease, and if an accident occurs which disables them from labor, they may be converted into food. If a horse should happen to break a leg, a bullet might as well be put through his head at once, for he is worthless ever after; but if the same accident occurs to an ox, he can be converted immediately into beef, provided he is sufficiently in flesh; or if this is not the case, the wound can generally be so far cured as to enable the animal afterwards to fatten.

The ox will eat less food and of a coarser kind than the horse, and needs less attention in order to thrive. He will work in localities impossible for the horse, and go forward patiently with labors which would chafe the other into utter intractibility.

No man who has ever witnessed the two kinds of animals at work around a saw-mill yard, for instance, can fail to have been struck with this difference in their character. Hitch a span of horses to a log which is too heavy for them to start at once, and in nine cases out of ten after one or two efforts they will either break their harness, splinter a whiffletree, or balk, and refuse to draw at all. Now try it with a yoke of well broken oxen, and they will lay out their utmost strength with the same gentleness and good will for the twentieth time, as they did the first.

There are a great variety of duties to be performed upon the farm, where horses are of superior advantage; and there are others in which working oxen are altogether preferable. Where the business is sufficient for the employment of both, it is advantageous to combine them; but where a farmer can own but a single team, especially in a new country, oxen are usually much the best.

In this fast age, working oxen are too much ignored by our farmers, and their value as laborious and willing servants is too much overlooked. —*Wool Grower and Stock Register.*

TREATMENT OF YOUNG MARES.

Willoughby Wood, a writer on horses much esteemed, thus gives his opinion in the *London Field* on the question as to whether young mares are injured for fast work by having colts at an early age:

I have no doubt that the powers of a mare are seriously impaired for fast work after she has had a foal. It may not stop her growth, because a filly which has been well kept up to three years old, does not usually grow much after that period. It may not greatly detract from her appearance, although it must tend, in a certain degree, to increase that very usual defect of mares, the disproportionate weight of their carcase compared with the power of their legs. But the very fact is itself a strong presumption against the expediency of the practice. I imagine that those breeders who resort to it do so either from mistaken views of economy, or only apply it to such mares as they propose to retain for moderate work about home. Without entering at length into the physiology of the subject, it appears to me that one consideration suffices to condemn the practice. The whole art of training a horse for a race, or preparing him for the hunting field or other fast work, consists in bracing his muscular system, and discarding from the frame all superfluous matter. In the breeding animal the very reverse of this is required; our preparation must then be made for that total relaxation of the system which is requisite for the birth of the young animal. When it is considered, morever, that this state of relaxation is continued for six months longer, or until the foal is weaned, it must be evident that the system can scarcely be expected ever fully to recover its tone after prostration so severe and relaxation so protracted. The case of heifers and ewes feeding well under similar circumstances, to which my correspondent alludes in another part of his letter, is not a parallel one. In these latitudes we do not require our horses to lay on flesh, but to work. That exceptions may occur to the rule that breeding unfits a mare for fast work, I do not doubt; but it is never safe to take exceptions for a guide.

As far as my experience goes, its result is quite in accordance with theory. I once had a mare which had bred a foal at four years old. In spite of her being well bred, powerful, with a handsome figure and fine action, she was worthless as a hunter. What made this the more remarkable was that she belonged to a family celebrated for their excellence in this respect. She had no unsoundness, she was a fine goer for a short distance, but was useless in a run, although no fault could be detected in her wind. She appeared utterly to flag after an amount of work which to an ordinary hunter would only have been exercise. She was a hearty feeder, and was capable of standing a good deal of slow work, as, for instance, in harness.

I consider, in short, that to breed from a growing filly is to run the hazard of unfitting her for fast work.

MILKING BY MACHINERY.

Not exactly by a steam engine, nor by water power; though that is in favor with milkmen; but by a machine driven by hand-power. In short, a hand-pump, moved by two handles, like the hand-bellows, and performing the operation by the principle of an air pump suction. The machine is attached to a pail, and set on a stool under the udder, the four teats inserted in four tubes, and the pump operated, and the milk drawn and conveyed by a conductor into the pail, the inventor says, in a marvelous short time; say three minutes for an ordinary cow; milking entirely clean, and without injury to the cow; in fact, he says, to her advantage, as it is beneficial to have the work done quickly; and the machine is intended to do it quicker than it is possible by hand. It is said also that cows stand this machine milking more gently than by hand. At any rate, the contrivance is an ingenious one, and we have no doubt will work. Its practical utility we can't vouch for. We only chronicle the fact of the recent invention of a Milking Machine. The manner of its construction is simple enough. It consists of two diaphragm pumps, made of tin and India rubber, so arranged as to be easily taken apart for washing. The teat cups are made tapering to fit any size, and attached by flexible joints, so as to be spread apart to suit wide-spreading teats, or those more contracted. It is possible that it will prove a very useful invention. If so, we presume that farmers will hear more of it.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

CATAWBA GRAPES. Geo. Hustman, well known as one of the most intelligent grape growers in Missouri, thinks the Catawba should be struck from the list as unworthy of cultivation, because it is superseded by better sorts.

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

MAINE FARMER

AUGUSTA:

THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 26, 1860.

CROPS AND PROSPECTS OF CROPS.

Our farmers are now closing up the hay harvent. From information received from different sections of the State, we think that there will be just about half as much gathered as there was last year. It is, however, of better quality than the last year's crop, being heavier, bulk for bulk, and containing much more gum and other nutritive matters.

This has, thus far, been emphatically a dry year. We have had no regular old-fashioned rain storm since the one in September last that played the mischief with the State Cattle Show. There have been occasional rains, but they came in patches and extended only over limited sections, sometimes watering a part of this county and then a part of another. As a natural consequence, the springs and streams are very low, and our pastures are dry and sere. The butcher complains that cattle and sheep are lean, and the dairymaid looks at the half-filled milk pail with serious misgivings in regard to filling the butter jar or the cheese screen this year.

Grain, as a general thing, looks well. Although it has been dry, it has also been cool, and the cool part has been favorable for grain. It is better for us to have it dry and cool than dry and hot. Indian corn looks well, although it has had to get along without any genuine "*corn nights*" this season.

Potatoes never locked better—no signs, as yet, of the rot. If they continue thus healthy to the harvest, Maine will realize a little of her former *potato glory*.

Apples promise well. The drouth causes some premature falling off, but appearances now indicate a pretty fair crop.

The Cattle Disease. There is now every reason to believe that the wise and energetic precautions taken by the authorities of Massachusetts, have operated as an effectual check upon the progress of the terrible disease which at one time threatened contagion and death to the cattle herds of New England. It has been almost entirely confined to the neighborhoods where it originally made its appearance, and we learn that even among the cattle constantly exposed to the contagion it is now no longer spreading, no new cases having been reported to the Commissioners since the recent session of the Legislature. This is certainly cheering news, and unless some unfavorable developments of the disease, consequent upon the vicissitudes of the seasons, shall manifest themselves in the course of a month or two, we think we may safely anticipate its gradual extirpation and disappearance. The people of Maine especially have reason to be grateful for their entire exemption thus far from its ravages. Although many reports of its appearance, here and there, have frequently been put in circulation, intelligent investigation has proved them all to be unfounded. The prompt action of our State executive, in view of the imminent danger of its introduction from abroad, is deserving of thankful acknowledgement by the farming interest; and we have no doubt, even if it shall be found that the strict letter of legal or constitutional duty has been in any way transcended in the emergency by the Governor and Council, that it will be generously endorsed and sanctioned by the Legislature, as amply justified by the circumstances of the case.

Agricultural Papers. The following testimony of Horace Greeley to the value of agricultural papers, we presume will have weight even where his political opinions would be deemed heretical:

"There are at present some fifty or sixty periodicals published in our country devoted to Farming—as many, I presume, as in all the world beside. They have been built up at great expense of talent, labor, and money; for when Col. Skinner started the first of them at Baltimore, some forty or fifty years ago, the idea of teaching farmers anything in *that* way was hooted by them as ridiculous, and he found it hardly possible to give his early numbers away. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent on these publications; and they are this day, in my judgment, doing more to promote the true growth of the country and the substantial, enduring welfare of our people, than Congress, the Army and the Navy, for the support of which they are taxed some Forty Millions per annum."

☞ An article is in circulation, credited to the *Kennebec Journal*, stating that a quarry of *verd antique* marble has been recently discovered in Sidney. We have no belief that our neighbor would knowingly give currency to an erroneous statement upon any subject, and hence we conclude he has been misinformed in regard to the facts in the case. No such discovery has been made. Some common dark colored limestone was found on the locality indicated, but there is no reason to suppose that it possesses any peculiar value or can be put to anything more than the ordinary use.

Mowing Machines. The Somerset *Telegraph* says that the hay crop in that vicinity is better than was expected, and that mowing machines are getting into extensive use there. Fifty machines will be put into operation in that county during the present season. The *Telegraph* states that Mr. Diamond Taylor of Norridgewock, who recently purchased one of Wood's One Horse Mowing Machines, mowed with it one morning last week, three acres in three hours and five minutes.

Stay at Home. Too much emphasis cannot be given to the following brief counsel of a correspondent of the Hallowell *Gazette*, writing from the South:

"Let your young men and women be made to understand, that Maine abounds in fertile land, and plenty of timber; that she can produce fruit and stock, as well as hay, ice, granite, &c., for exportation, and they need not emigrate to improve their condition, morally, socially or financially."

The New England Mower. The proprietor of this Mowing Machine has appointed several agents for its sale in Maine. Of the number, our friend Moses G. Dow of Portland, may be depended upon as a reliable, trustworthy man, who will do the honorable thing by all who have any dealings with him in this or any other business.

The Brick Business. The Lewiston *Journal* says there are ten brick-yards in Lewiston and Auburn,—eight of them in Lewiston will make 8,000,000 of brick this year—employ 69 men—use 30 machines. The Auburn yards will make a million more. Total value of all, about $50,000.

North Aroostook Agricultural Society. This Society will hold its annual Cattle Show and Fair at Presque Isle, on the 3d and 4th of October. We understand that Alfred Cushman, Esq., of No. 3, will deliver the address.

☞ They do things up handsomely in Hancock County. The Ellsworth *Farmer* says the race course on the Hancock Fair Ground will be the best in the State.

MARL IN AROOSTOOK.

We have received a letter from E. D. Robinson, accompanying a specimen of some calcareous (lime) deposit which he finds on his farm in Letter C, Aroostook County. We shall give it a more thorough examination, and report more fully upon it, soon. Marl is a combination of lime and clay; when the lime predominates it is called calcareous marl, and when the clay predominates it may be called argillaceous marl. In the specimen sent, the carbonate of lime largely predominates. We have not a microscope at hand, at this moment, but we should not be surprised if, on examination, it would be found to contain microscopic shells. It is not quite so hard or so white as chalk, although it would answer for many purposes to which chalk is put, and when pulverized, would probably make good putty. On many soils it would be useful as a fertilizer, especially if mixed with peat. Possibly it contains other mineral matters, such as magnesia, &c. This a chemical examination will determine.

Mr. Robinson says it is found in a bog, containing about twenty-five acres, from four to six feet deep, and covered with a kind of stunted water-grass; and when first dug up, is about of the consistency of mortar, but dries like the specimen sent. When freshly dug, it has the smell of salt water mud. Near the centre of the bog, a large boiling spring makes out, whose waters, when drank, are quite laxative. In the stream flowing from the spring, small shells and particles of shells are constantly flowing with the current.

So here we have notice of another mineral spring whose waters have medicinal properties. They have no invalids in Aroostook, and of course it is of no use to the people there. They must hurry up the Aroostook Railroad, and then they can invite the sick, the lame, and the blind and halt, to visit the pool and be healed. Aroostook is bound to be a source of health and strength to Maine if the State will only give her a chance to spread herself in the right way.

We want the Geological Survey going on, and a man at the head of it whose specific duty it shall be to attend to all these things.

That Fishway. The Waterville *Mail* asks us to inform the public whether the owners of the Kennebec Dam "are taking advantage of the present low pitch of water in the river to construct that fishway." We don't imagine that "the public" has any serious anxiety about the matter; but if it will be any gratification to our friend of the *Mail*, we will assure him from our knowledge of the corporation that they would scorn to "take advantage" of any thing. We suppose they feel disposed under the circumstances to imitate the philosophy of the old negro fiddler, of whom of course our neighbor has heard. Somebody was passing the dilapidated hut of the darkey in a thunder shower, and seeking shelter, found him cheerfully fiddling away, with the rain pouring like a seive through the fractured roof. "Why don't you repair your house?" asked the stranger. "Can't—it rains!" "Why not mend it when it don't rain?" "Well, den it don't need mendin." When the river is high they can't make the fishway, and when it is low there is no occasion for it.

An Enemy in the Rye Field. We have received from our friend S. F. Perley Esq., of Naples, specimens of diseased rye stalks, showing the work of some insect that had burrowed in them near the joints. Had it been wheat, we should unhesitatingly called it the work of the Hessian fly. The insect has gone, and left us only the Yankee privilege of guessing who or what it was. We guess it was some of the Hessian fly family and it has our best wishes for its utter destruction. Our grain crops, especially wheat, have been so much the sport and support of insects within a few years that farmers are rather discouraged in regard to their culture, and it is not pleasant to find any additions to their varieties or numbers.

Use of Wealth. The Lewiston *Journal* says that the rate of taxation is 9¼ mills on the dollar in that town. Seven manufacturing Companies pay $13,257—*one half* the whole tax of the town The Bates Co. alone pays $5,060, the Franklin Co. $4,433.

If some of our own moneyed men who groan so pitifully in regard to the burdensome taxation to which they are subjected, would only exercise a becoming public spirit, and invest their surplus capital in some productive industrial enterprise like the above, established in our midst, thus giving employment to thousands, increasing their own gains, adding indefinitely to the taxable property of the city, and the general prosperity of the community—they would nobly and beneficently fulfil the conditions upon which men are allowed to exercise the stewardship of wealth in the world.

The Portland and Kennebec Railroad. The Brunswick *Telegraph* commends the policy of the road, under its present efficient management, in making business for itself by running extra trains and reducing the regular fares on all occasions when it can consistently be done. The enterprising and accommodating spirit thus manifested, finds its reward not alone in the immediate profit realized, but in more substantial and permanent results—the enduring good will of the people, and their ready sympathy, co-operation and support under circumstances which at times may demand their exercise.

A New Wheel Jack. One of the *greatest little* things we have seen lately is a new wheel jack invented and patented by Amos Jones and S. M. Davis of Lebanon N. H. It is light, convenient and simple, and can be adapted to all wheel-vehicle, from a wheel-barrow to an ox-cart, and when used, can be put away in a box or hung up on a nail out of the way. Mr. J. P. Britton is agent for rights in the state of Maine. He can be found at the Kennebec House, in this city, by those who wish to purchase town or county rights, and he will be pleased to show to you its action, whether you wish to buy or not.

Shrewd Guessing. The Buffalo *Express* states that the Rev. F. L. Capen of Boston, a scientific gentleman who has devoted much attention to meteorological observations, anticipated and predicted the terrible Comanche tornado in June last, upon the precise day and under the fearful circumstances with which it was associated. He claims that his predictions were founded entirely upon scientific data, and that he has developed a new theory with regard to the weather and its changes, which he will soon bring before the public.

Patent Office Agricultural Report for 1859. Out of the three hundred thousand copies of the agricultural part of the Patent Office Report for 1856, ordered by the House of Representatives, only ten thousand have been issued. The Senate edition of the Report, it is stated, has already been printed, bound and delivered, but thus far not a solitary copy has reached us, nor have we seen any notice of it by our exchanges.

More Candidates. A State Convention was held at Schenectady, N. Y., on Wednesday last, and Sam Houston of Texas, and Robert F. Stockton of New Jersey, were put in nomination for President and Vice President. This is the fifth batch of candidates from which the people will have the privilege of choosing.

CITY AFFAIRS.

In Board of Aldermen, June 20, 1860.

Present: the Mayor, Aldermen Patterson, Barrows, Fogg, Williamson, Fuller and Little.

Report of Committee on Accounts on Roll of Accounts No. 3, accepted, and ordered to be paid.

Petition of Gilbert Baker and others, to build a cistern at the head of Laurel street, on the east side of State street, was granted, provided the cistern is built under the direction of the Street Commissioner for the Western District and held at the pleasure of the city.

An order was passed authorizing the Mayor to cause the cistern on the corner of Grove and Green streets to be filled with water, provided the same can be done at an expense not exceeding ten dollars.

Third Monthly Report of John G. Phinney, Street Commissioner, was read and ordered on file.

On petition of Eben Packard and others, *Ordered*, That cows, horses, swine, &c., may not be allowed to run at large in a part of Wards 3 and 4.

Petition of Hinkley, Williamson and others for cows to run at large in the highway and commons south of the old Belfast road to Hallowell line, was read and petitioners had leave to withdraw.

Report of Committee on New Streets, to whom was referred the petition of G. S. Carpenter and others for the extension of Flagg St. to Bridge St., that the same would not be practicable, was accepted.

Report of same committee, to whom was refered the petition of Martin Peaslee to have Franklin St. accepted and made passable, that the petitioner have leave to withdraw, was accepted.

Report of same committee that they had laid out the road upon petition of Thomas Little and others, was laid on the table in Board of Aldermen.

Tax-Payers of Augusta. The following is a list of those who pay a tax in this city of fifty dollars and upwards. The highest tax is paid by the Kennebec Manufacturing Company, $916 50. The next highest is by Reuel Williams, $878 37. Twenty-three pay between $100 and $200; four, between $200 and $300; five, between $300 and $400. The per centage of taxation, less the ten per cent. discount for immediate payment, is 10¼ mills to the dollar.

Darius Alden,	$168 43	L. W. Lithgow,	$161 04
Joseph Anthony,	77 37	A. G. Longfellow,	83 03
Aug. & H. Gas Co.,	235 00	John McArthur,	115 57
Augusta Sav. Bank,	94 35	L. P. Mead & Co.,	101 64
Wm. S. Badger,	56 81	John Means,	77 61
Charles Baker,	96 95	Richard M. Mills,	64 06
John Barrows,	57 28	Lot M. Morrill,	65 63
Est. A. A. Bittues,	117 50	Geo. W. Morton,	205 15
Heirs Sarah Bowen,	66 95	John Mulliken,	187 76
Jas. W. Bradbury,	387 57	Lot Myrick,	57 64
Cyrus Briggs,	99 21	E. A. Nason,	63 28
Wm. A. Brooks,	153 75	Nason, Hamlin & Co.	76 38
Sam'l S. Brooks,	99 62	Thomas C. Noble,	57 75
A. D. Brown,	74 91	William Norcross,	83 42
Wm. Caldwell,	118 55	Jas. W. North,	320 41
Sylvanus Caldwell,	57 40	Parrott & Bradbury,	78 73
Mehitable Chandler,	118 68	Jos. W. Patterson,	95 23
Wm. H. Chisam,	245 95	John A. Pettengill,	74 26
James L. Childs,	122 71	Howard Pettengill,	69 50
James R. Childs,	75 62	J. D. Pierce,	60 92
Mrs. G. C. Childs,	50 76	V. D. Pinkham,	88 83
Miss Mary Childs,	74 62	Joseph Piper,	72 08
Miss Marcia G. Childs	74 62	John Potter,	88 25
Colburn & Faught,	60 63	Geo. F. Potter,	62 67
Alfred Colburn,	79 65	Gilbert Pullen,	77 67
Samuel Cony,	155 98	Richard D. Rice,	150 38
Robert A. Cony,	65 5[illegible]	Joel Richardson,	51 72
B. H. Cushman,	66 80	Geo. W. Ricker,	180 34
Benjamin Davis,	73 63	B. F. Riggs,	52 16
Davenport & Wyman,	89 00	Geo. M. Robinson,	89 28
Deering & Turner,	116 62	Henry R. Smith,	374 90
Russell Eaton,	166 70	Geo. W. Stanley,	374 65
Joseph W. Ellis,	113 68	Geo. D. Stanley,	59 75
Cath. A. Farnham,	51 70	Ai Staples,	100 88
D. Farnsworth,	72 68	Aaron Stevens,	70 50
Eben Fuller,	73 73	Daniel Stone,	97 94
B. A. G. Fuller,	60 91	Moses M. Swan,	58 10
C. C. Grant,	60 63	Benjamin Tappan,	63 17
Samuel Guild,	52 34	Samuel Titcomb,	54 58
Mrs. Ann F. Hall,	74 50	Gilman Turner,	56 16
Mrs. E. P. Hall,	97 52	Richard H. Vose,	157 87
Watson F. Hallet,	116 14	Daniel Waldron,	75 91
Lewis B. Hamlin,	61 51	Moses Wells,	59 75
Daniel Hewins,	87 33	Wm. K. Weston,	51 53
William Hunt,	312 44	Nathan Weston,	74 44
J. H. Ingraham,	75 03	John Wheeler,	56 52
Wm. T. Johnson,	55 05	S. & O. C. Whitehouse	99 88
Levi Johnson,	54 00	Reuel Williams,	878 37
K. & P. R. R. Co.,	141 00	Daniel Williams,	64 67
Ken. Manf. Co.,	916 50	J. H. Williams,	106 93
Allen Lambard,	173 06	Heirs C. Williams,	103 40
Lambard & Williams	145 12	Orren Williamson,	61 10
Thomas Lambard,	98 48	C. F. Wingate,	83 25
Sewall Lancaster,	53 87	Daniel Woodward,	96 46
Silas Leonard,	263 57	J. P. Wyman,	85 74
E. & B. Libbey,	58 62	*Non-Residents.*	
Artemas Libbey,	55 05	Mrs. Sarah Barker,	66 70
Isaac Libbey,	57 40	Edmund Munroe,	50 60

Change of Profession. We learn from the *Journal* that Thomas K. Noble, Esq., the accomplished and faithful Principal of the High School of this city, and Dr. John K. Lincoln, a successful dentist, intend entering upon a course of study to prepare themselves for the ministry of the Gospel. They will enter the Bangor Theological Seminary in October next. Mr. Noble is so identified with the educational interests of our city, and people and pupils are so strongly attached to him, that we do not well see how he can be spared from his present field of labor. We hope he may be induced to reconsider his determination thus to sunder the connection which now so harmoniously and happily subsists.

Ministerial. Rev. Hiram Whitcher, late of Boothbay, has received and accepted a call to the pastorate of the Freewill Baptist church in this city, made vacant by the removal of Rev. G. W. Bean, who has assumed the charge of the Freewill Baptist church in Wells.

The *Journal* states that Mr. Lucian Haynes, a member of the Newton Theological School, is now supplying the desk of the First Baptist church in this city. He is spoken of as a young man of fine talents, and the members of the church are hoping to settle him here.

A New Fire Company. The boys of the city, inspired by the example of their elders, have organized themselves into a fire company. They paraded the streets several times last week in uniform, with fife and drum, making as martial an appearance as some of the children of a larger growth who indulge in similar displays. A subscription has been raised by our citizens to procure a *masheen* suited to the capacity of these miniature firemen.

Fire in Augusta. On Thursday last, about 1 o'clock, the dwelling house on North street, owned and occupied by Seth Merrow, took fire from some accidental cause, and although the fire department promptly responded to the alarm, it had attained such headway as to be past saving. The furniture of the house was mostly removed without damage, and the barn was preserved from burning by being tipped over into the gulley. Insured for $250.

Excellent Cherries. Our porringer was well filled the other day with a lot of delicious cherries, sent us by Mrs. Silas Maxim of Wayne, for which we are very glad and, of course, very thankful. They give a fine flavor to a "sawdust pudding," and we are not one of those who make two bites of a cherry in or out of a pudding.

☞ The publisher of the Dexter *Gem* is obliged to suspend the publication of his paper a few weeks in order to recruit his health and strength. What an accommodating list of subscribers Br. Witherell must have.

☞ The Hallowell *Gazette* learns that the proprietors of the steam mill recently destroyed by fire in that city, are contemplating rebuilding on the same site at an early day.

☞ The Boston *Courier* thinks the Great Eastern will come to Boston about the middle of August. We would suggest that the visit may probably be deferred to the first of April.

The Census in Maine. The following interesting facts have been gleaned by a correspondent of the Boston *Journal* from the recent census in this State. They confirm the general impression based upon the results of the census in other States thus far ascertained, that very few of the old States have done much more than hold their own in regard to population during the last ten years They have failed to grow in proportion to the country at large, and in proportion to their own growth in former periods of their history. Even the comparatively new States of Ohio and Indiana, have remained nearly stationary since 1850, while the great increase of population which the country has witnessed since the last census was taken, has been almost entirely absorbed by the border States and Territories of the northwest and the new empire of the Pacific. The writer in the *Journal* says:

"The eighth census has already progressed far enough to disclose the fact that Maine will not gain much, if any, on the population of 1850. Then it was 583,235; this year it will probably not exceed 600,000. A few places like Portland, Biddeford, Lewiston, Rockland, Bangor and Calais have made considerable gains, but nearly all the villages and a vast majority of the agricultural towns are either at a stand-still, or exhibit a decrease. Bath may show a slight increase over 1850, but if contrasted with 1854-5, there would be an absolute decrease. The same is true of nearly all the Kennebec valley. Richmond is not nearly so populous as it was six years ago, while Gardiner loses about 500, as compared with 1850. Augusta, the State capital, is just about the same as it was ten years ago. Then it was a small trifle over 8000; now it is a small trifle under that figure; the difference is to be found in the population that was taken from her by the town of Manchester, which was in part carved out of her territory since the census of 1850 was taken. Portland will not much exceed 28,000. Her population in 1850 was 20,819, and for the last three or four years the denizens of the "natural seaport" have estimated their numbers at 32,000 or 33,000, or more than fifty per cent. increase. Her ratio of gain will really not exceed thirty-three per cent., though that is very encouraging for her future growth and prosperity. Bangor had 14,332 in 1850; the census now reveals a population of nearly 18,000—a gain of more than twenty per cent.

These results of the census are creating considerable surprise, from the fact that the valuation and return of polls" made last winter, under State authority, exhibited not only a vast addition to the material wealth of the State, but, as it was thought, a considerable increase also in the population. The "valuation and return" of 1850 gave the property at $100,037,969 and the polls at 105,490. The "valuation and return" of last winter gave the property at $164,714,168 and the polls at 128,899. As the polls thus exhibited an increase of 23,409 it was thought that by the usual ratio of *five* inhabitants to *one male adult*, our State might reckon on an increase of population amounting to 117,045, which added to the 583,235 of 1850 would give us a round *seven hundred thousand*."

Maine State Seminary. The anniversary exercises of the Maine State Seminary in Lewiston, commenced on Monday evening July 9th, by a Sermon before the Student's Christian Union, by Rev. R. Dunn, of Boston. Subject of discourse the "Divine Government." On Tuesday and Wednesday, the examination of the various classes was had, the members of which acquitted themselves in a manner creditable to themselves and to their teachers. On Wednesday evening, an Oration and Poem were delivered before the Literary Societies; Rev. Edward Hawes of Waterville, the Orator, and James Ward, Jr., of Amherst College, the poet. The exercises of the graduating class took place on Thursday, and consisted of declamations of orations by thirteen young gentlemen, and the reading of essays by ten young ladies. All the exercises of the week were very satisfactory and were well attended.

☞ Hon. Charles R. Porter, Judge of Probate for Sagadahoc County, died in Bath on the 18th inst. The *Sentinel* pays the following high tribute to his memory:

"Judge Porter has long been known as one of the most respected of the citizens of Bath. As a lawyer he took high rank in the profession by his profound and critical knowledge of the law, by his fidelity to his clients, and by his ability as an advocate at the bar. In his official capacity he won the entire confidence of all who had occasion to do business in his court, and we safely may give him the proud title of an upright judge. As a christian, he was an ornament to the church, being, in his daily walk and conversation, a fitting exemplar of her teachings. Truly a good man has passed away."

Tufts' College. The fifth commencement of this young but promising institution took place on Wednesday, 11th inst. The exercises were of a character, says the Boston *Courier*, to justify the pride of the Universalist denomination in their own college. The graduating class numbered twelve, two of whom, Oliver H. Lowell and Benj. Hinds, are from Maine. Rev. W. R. Alger of Boston, gave the oration before the Mathetican Society, and Mortimer Thompson, Esq., of New York, delivered a poem upon "Pluck." Both were productions of great merit, and highly appreciated and applauded by those present.

The Candidates. The following are the names, ages and residence of the several candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency. Our readers are expected to make their own selections:

Republican—Abraham Lincoln of Illinois; born Feb. 12, 1809; aged 51. Hannibal Hamlin of Maine; born Aug. 27, 1809; aged 51.

Democratic—Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois; born April 23, 1813; aged 47. H. V. Johnson of Georgia; born Sept., 1812; aged 48.

Democratic—J. C. Breckenridge of Kentucky; born Jan. 16, 1821; aged 39. Joseph Lane of Oregon; born Dec. 14, 1801; aged 66.

Union—John Bell of Tennessee; born Feb. 15, 1797; aged 63. Edward Everett of Massachusetts; born April 11, 1793; aged 66.

☞ On the occasion of the recent commencement at Harvard College, Senator Douglas and his lady paid a visit to New England, and was present at the exercises of the graduating class, one of whom was a brother to Mrs. D. The "Little Giant" was received with becoming attention by the faculty of the College, and made a brief address. He visited Boston, Charlestown, Lexington and other places of historical interest, and where ever he went a great desire was manifested to see and hear the man who has made so much noise in the world. On his return from Lexington to Boston, he remitted to the president of the Monument Fund one hundred dollars.

Fire in Sidney. On the 4th of the present month, in the absence of the family from home, the dwelling house of Wm. Chamberlain, on the middle road, took fire, it is supposed from the careless use of fire-crackers, and was entirely consumed, with its contents. The barn was not consumed. We are informed that there was a small insurance upon the property, but not sufficient to cover the loss.

Rebuilding in Gardiner. We learn from the Gardiner *Journal* that the mills of Hooker, Libby & Co. and Wm. Sargent, rebuilding on the site of the recent disastrous fire in that city, are nearly completed. Mr. N. O. Mitchell, whose block of mills was also destroyed, has commenced rebuilding, and will have them in operation again in September.

☞ The Kennebec Democratic County and Senatorial Conventions will be held in this city on the 21st of August.

☞ The Prince of Wales sailed from Plymouth on the 10th inst., for Halifax, on board Her Majesty's ship Hero.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The Eclectic Magazine, for August, is on our table. It contains the usual amount of instructive reading, culled from the best of the English magazines. The illustrations of the number embrace splendid mezzotint portraits of the late Sir Robert Peel, Prime Minister of England, and His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, whose visit to this country is anticipated with so much pleasure, not only by the subjects of his illustrious mother's government, but by the people of the United States. The Eclectic is published monthly by W. H. Bidwell, New York, each number containing 144 pages, with one or more beautiful steel portraits by Sartain. Price $5 per annum.

The Knickerbocker, for August—full to overflowing of good things. We think this one of the very best of the "Knickerbockers"—and nothing better could be said of it. "The Observations of Mace Sloper, Esq.," are resumed with increased spiciness and humor, while the "Editor's Table" lacks nothing that a healthy and refined taste can desire. New York: John A. Gray, publisher. Terms $3 per annum.

Cosmopolitan Art Journal. The number for June we omitted noticing when it was received. It was of so rich and attractive a character, both literary and artistic, that it is only at this moment we have been able to rescue it from the envious hands into whose possession it fell at the time. It is not too late, however, to speak of the work as it deserves. The Art Journal is published quarterly by the "Cosmopolitan Art Association," and is sent to the members of that Association who pay the annual subscription of $3, in addition to a splendid engraving and a chance for one of the awards from the Society's Premium List, consisting of Paintings, Statuary, Medals, &c. This number of the Journal, in addition to its choice literary contents, contains a full page steel engraving of the late J. Fennimore Cooper's residence on Otsego Lake, a charming thing—together with a variety of beautiful wood illustrations. Address C. L. Derby, 546 Broadway, New York.

Peterson's Magazine, for August. Always richly worthy of patronage, Peterson seems to be unwearied in his efforts, from month to month, to make his magazine better and better. We have no doubt that he finds his account in it in an increased and increasing patronage. The contents of this number are variedly interesting, and the embellishments attractive and beautiful. Philadelphia: published by Chas. J. Peterson, at $2 per annum.

Ladies' Home Magazine, for August. No magazine which comes to our table is more cordially welcomed. Its healthful moral tone—the variety of tastes that it ministers to without vitiation, in addition to its high literary character, makes it always deserving of public support. Philadelphia: T. S. Arthur & Co., publishers, at $2 per annum.

"Guide Book to the White Mountains. Together with the city of Boston and vicinity. Profusely illustrated with engravings." This is a pamphlet of 60 odd pages, filled with useful information to the tourist, and containing much of value and interest to those who may never have the opportunity of paying a visit to the scenes described. It is published by A. Harthill & Co., New York, at 25 cts. We received our copy from A. Williams & Co., Boston. Pierce has it for sale.

Peterson's Counterfeit Detector. The July number of this work has been received. We copy the following notice from Forney's Press:

New Counterfeits. Between the first of July and the present time, as we learn from an advance copy of Peterson's Counterfeit Detector for July, as many as 58 forged bank-notes have been detected in circulation. These are *new* forgeries. It was full time for engravers and banks to unite and endeavor to stop this continued fraud. Peterson's list of new counterfeits shows that banks in all parts of the Union are thus drawn upon. If the system continue, who will take paper money?

New Music. From the Music publishing house of Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington street, Boston, we have received the following:

The Maple Leaf Waltz. Valse Brilliante de Salon. For the Piano. By Jas. L. Ensign.

The Lord is my Shepherd. From Gems of Social Music. By S. M. Downs.

They tell me thou art fair. A song. By Herman Von Benzon.

O would that we had never met. Ballad. Music by A. Kreissmann.

I do not watch alone. Ballad. By Anne Fricker.

Slowly the evening is closing around me. Ballad. Words and music by Anna M. Kerr.

Commencement at Brunswick. The following is the programme for commencement week at Bowdoin College:

Sunday Evening, July 29.—Baccalaureate Sermon by E. C. Smyth, Collins, Professor, of Natural and Revealed Religion.

Monday.—Exercises of Class Day, consisting of an Oration and Poem in the church with reading of Chronicles and Farewell Address under the "Old Oak." In the evening will be the Prize Declamation by the Junior Class in the church.

Tuesday.—Address in the forenoon, before the Association of the Alumni, by Roswell D. Hitchcock, D. D.

In the afternoon, Anniversary exercises of the Peucinian and Athænen General Societies. Oration by Rev. C. C. Everett. No Poet has yet been engaged.

In the evening, Grand Concert by Chandler's Band, accompanied by W. H. Dennett, Mrs. Long and several other eminent vocalists.

Wednesday, (Commencement Day).—Exercises of Graduating Class candidates for the degree of Master of Arts.

In the evening,—Social Levee at the residence of President Woods'.

Thursday.—Exercises at the Anniversary of the Phi Beta Kappa. Oration by President Lord of Dartmouth.

Friday.—Examination of candiates for admission into College.

Steamship Burnt. The steamship Pennsylvania, on her passage from Philadelphia to Richmond, Va., took fire, on Thursday night last, from spontaneous combustion among the freight, and was totally destroyed. The boats being rendered unserviceable, a part of the crew and passengers took to a raft, which was capsized and three children perished. The remainder were rescued from the burning wreck by the steamer Curtis Peck which was attracted to her assistance by the flames.

☞ The Republican Conventions for the nomination of Representatives to Congress from this State, will be held in the 1st district, at Saco, July 25th; 3d district, at Rockland, Aug. 10th; 4th district, at Waterville, Aug. 1st; 2d district, at Auburn, Aug. 7th; 5th district, at Dover, Aug. 15th. The nomination for the 6th district has been already made.

☞ The following contradictory state of things is reported by telegraph to exist at Pike's Peak, the latest discovered paradise of the gold-hunters:

"Gold discoveries of marvellous richness are reported from the west slope of the mountains, a hundred miles from California Gulch. Lumps are said to have been found of the size of hens' eggs. Business dull. *Money tighter*, if possible, than ever."

Belgrade Academy. This institution commences its fall term on the 28th of August, under the continued charge of Mr. Amos Eaton, of Kent's Hill. We doubt not the friends of the school in the vicinity in which it is located will extend to it a generous support.

The Zouaves in Boston. This corps of holiday soldiery from Chicago, now on a visit to the principal northern cities, arrived in Boston on Saturday afternoon last. They were received in grand style by the Boston military, whose guests they are. They are highly spoken of not only for their discipline, but for their sobriety and gentlemanly appearance. During their recent visit to New York city the wonderful precision of their drill was greatly admired. It is a combination of the tactics of the regular service and of the French Zouaves, whose strange and desperate method of fighting in the Crimea and in the late Italian war gave such eclat and success to the campaigns in which they were engaged. We copy from the N. Y. *Times* a description of a portion of what they call the skirmish drill, exhibited in the Academy of Music to an audience of five thousand persons at fifty cents a head:

At the word the lines separated, forming into a huge parallelogram, with the Colonel in the centre. They fired kneeling, reloaded in the same position and fired again. Then up on their feet in squads of four men each, they ran rapidly around the stage, falling speedily into line at the rear. Falling back four paces they obeyed the "order arms," "ground arms," and "rest," and another intermission followed.

When the company next came on to the stage, the guns were, in obedience to the "ground arms," lying upon the stage floor. The men marched over them, and through the passageways, falling into double line and walking briskly with locked step around the stage. Placing their hands on each other's shoulders, and locking step more closely, they formed a complete circle, in which form they also rounded the stage. Closing in, they sat in each other's laps, their hands being as before, and the circle remaining complete. Removing their hats, they shouted in good time and simultaneously, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, hurrah, Zouave!" Then quickly moving around in the circle, the Colonel being in the centre, they saluted the audience, and were again dismissed.

The next movement was the "fire advance," showing how easily a very few men trained in that way could clear a steet of a mob. The company being drawn up in two lines, the word was given to "fire!" The front line obeyed, and instantly opened their ranks, allowing the rear line to step forward, with loaded guns. While the line which had just fired were reloading, the second line presented a ray of bristling bayonets, fixed into loaded guns. The loading of the first being completed, the second line discharged their muskets, and opening, allowed the first line to advance, and so on, until the front of the stage was reached. "Fire in retreat," which was the reverse of the foregoing, was then exercised.

The skirmishers then had another trial; they knelt and fired; they closed their ranks and sat down, got up again, marched in single file, then ran quickly, forming another square, then separated in two squares, then forming in squads of four, back to back, went through the "parry and thrust" exercise; then rested, lying at full length on their bellies, looking like thirty-nine schoolboys sliding down hill, and having the jolliest kind of a real old time. Rising, they would cut and thrust, leap to the rear, receive and repulse an imaginary assailant, hold their guns over head and at the word, fall cawallop upon their faces again, with sufficient force to break the bones of any black-trousered man in the world. While so resting, the order being given, they turned quickly on their backs, and in that position loaded their guns, turning over at the word and firing quick and fast. Up they got again, continued the fight with the imaginary foe for a long time, until the "rally" was called, when with a shout that would almost raise the dead, they eagerly and furiously rushed to the rear of the stage, forming instantly a compact group, with the Colonel in the centre and the standards in the rear.

The Company then formed into line preparatory to giving the charge, which was to be the feature of the evening. "Present arms"—"shoulder arms"—Forward," were obeyed; at a quick, steady, easy trot they started, gradually accelerating their speed, till "Charge," yelled the Colonel, "Yah," responded the men—a rush—a dash—down to the very edge of the stage, engulfing the little commander, and startling everybody in the house so completely that a moment of intense silence passed before the audience recovered itself, at the expiration of which time they burst into an uncontrolable and long prolonged cheering, shouting, whistling and huzzaing, which made the proud blood dance in the cheeks of the Zouaves and tingle in the veins of the listeners.

The Zouaves are expected to visit Portland, and preparations are making to receive them by the military of that city.

The Gold Diggings of Nova Scotia. We copied an article last week from the Halifax *Transcript* vouching for the existence and discovery of gold in the neighborhood of Pictou, between the settlement of Musquodoboit and the shore near the head of the Tangier river, in sufficient quantities to warrant a stampede of all the gold seekers of the Province in that direction.

The Secretary of the Province, by order of Governor Malgeave, having visited the locality for the purpose of ascertaining the truth in regard to the reports, thus effectually explodes the whole story. He says:—

"We spent half a day at the mines, and in that time had ample opportunities to ascertain their real character. Though gold in small quantities has been found there, and though a few grains were discovered in the quartz or washed out of the soil in our presence, yet the quantities are so infinitesimal and so difficult to obtain that, as at present advised, Professor How and myself have no hesitation in reporting to Your Excellency that, for all practical purposes, the Tangier diggings are utterly valueless; and unless correct information is speedily circulated, will be a delusion and a snare to the industry of the country.

We could not discover, among the hundred men that we found at the mines, some of whom had been there a week, as much gold as would make a sovereign. Another hundred men arrived before we left, and we met sixty going in as we came out. I would not, from the best information I can obtain, give a doubloon for the whole results of their joint labours. Richer strata may be discovered at greater depths, and gold bearing quartz in ledges or veins may yet be found in some other parts of the country, but neither from the geological aspects of what we saw, or from the results of the operations yet conducted, would we advise any industrious man to abandon any other exployment to seek for the lowest rate of wages in the wilderness of Tangier."

A Meteor. A remarkable meteor was witnessed on Friday night last about ten o'clock, in various places, extending from Maine to Pennsylvania. Its appearance is thus described by a correspondent of the N. Y. *Evening Post*:

"While sitting upon the west piazza of my house, at about a quarter before ten o'clock last evening, looking at a small dark cloud near the western horizon, my attention was attracted by a brilliant light upon the upper border of the cloud. Presently a ball of light, apparently about one third the size of the full moon, of a bright blue color, bordered upon its outer edge by a circle of light gilt color, darted upward from behind the cloud with great rapidity. When at an angle of about sixty degrees it seemed to expand to double the size that it originally appeared to us, and immediately thereafter it separated into several parts, which assumed a dark golden hue. The larger of these parts, or what might be called the head, led the way, followed by the smaller or remaining parts, in some five or six distinct trains. The appearance at this time, and during the remainder of its course through the heavens, until it disappeared in the eastern horizon, was somewhat like that, of a sky-rocket after it has attained its altitude and burst, although its magnitude was much greater. The light which it shed upon the earth during its upward progress was such as to give the grass a light blue appearance. Its course was from the west-northwest to east-southeast, and the time occupied in its transit from the western to eastern horizon was apparently a little more than a minute. Its height from the earth as it passed the zenith was thought to be several miles, although others with me thought it but a few hundred feet. It was altogether a brilliant and wonderful spectacle, and created an intense excitement among those of us present."

☞ John G. Whittier, the Quaker Poet, has received the honorary degree of Master of Arts, conferred by Haverford College, a Quaker institution of Pennsylvania.

For the Maine Farmer.

LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS.

Mr. Editor:—Your paper of the 21st of June, contains an important query: "Do lightning rods protect buildings?" One hundred and seven years ago, Franklin gave his directions "How to secure houses, &c., from lightning." The experience of this one hundred and seven years, has most decidedly answered the question affirmatively. But has more than a century elapsed without a single step being made in the improvement of this means of protecting life and property? His directions are as follows:—"Provide a small iron rod (it may be made of the rod iron used by the nailers) of such a length that three or four feet may be in the moist ground, and the other five or eight feet above the highest part of the building. To the upper end of the rod, fasten about a foot of brass wire, the size of a common knitting-needle, sharpened to a fine point; the rod may be secured to the house by a few small staples. If the house or barn be long, there may be a rod and point at each end, and a middling wire along the ridge from one to the other. A house thus furnished will not be damaged by lightning, it being attracted by the points, and passing through the metal into the ground without hurting any thing. Vessels, also, having a sharp pointed rod fixed on the top of their masts, with a wire from the foot of the rod reaching down, round one of the shrouds, to the water, will not be hurt by lightning."

Allow me, through your valuable publication, to give a few directions for the same purpose, as suggested by a century's experiments and discoveries:

When the lightning rod man comes along, it is at least fifty to one, that he finds us as ignorant of what constitutes an electric conductor, as he generally is himself. We buy of him from the common impression of the utility of his wares, and the recommendation of the great philospher. But this ignorance is not inevitable. Electricity is used in telegraphing, electro-plating, in medicine, and in a variety of ways, as well as in experiments in schools. The telegraph operator understands very well what will conduct the little stream of it that is produced in his battery. The telegraph wire is a lightning rod on a small scale. If the conditions of an electric conductor are complied with, it is sure to work, as it is sure not to if they are not.

Now the first condition is, a perfect continuity of metal. No screws or rivets will answer; the metal must not be broken; no plank left out of the bridge; the bolt delayed, may leave it. In the little current along the telegraph wire, it will do to twist the wires together, but the fiery death from the clouds cannot be dallied with; it must have a clear road.

The second condition of an electric conductor is, that it should complete the circuit. A combination of two metals, of dissimilar conducting capacity, overcomes this difficulty, and presents a constant positive in the best conducting material, and a constant negative in the least. Wherever electricity has an economical use, a conductor is provided wherein the circuit is completed. In electro-plating, this is through the solution in which the metal is plated; in the telegraph, it is through the water of the earth. The telegraph operator, and the electro-plater, speak of poles—the positive and negative; in the schools it is the same. No spark passes over the telegraph wires unless the circuit is complete. Lift one of the two ends of wire from the earth and the lightning becomes dumb; raise one of the poles from the solution of the electro-plater and the lightning "strikes work" as absolutely as the Lynn shoemakers. But the lightning rod man says nothing about this necessity of a conductor, because he knows nothing of electricity, and because his customer knows as little. There are no means of trying the efficacy of the article, and the purchaser awaits in doubt till it has been proved by an actual stroke; and yet another stroke, still more violent, may prove it worthless, or find it,

Third, so rusty that the communication with the earth is cut off. A good conductor should present a clean surface to the moisture of the earth in which it is buried. This is attained by on envelope of zinc, producing a galvanic action, that protects the other metals of the rod, so that,

Fourth, they may discharge the greatest quantity of the fluid. If an inch of the rod is immersed in the water, only so many particles of the metals and the water come in contact, and electricity is given off in proportion. If there are two inches in mutual contact, twice the quantity can be discharged, and so on. If twenty feet of one rod is placed in contact with the water of the earth, and protected from rust, as much electricity will be given off as if ten rods were immersed in the water two feet each. Not but what the ten rods would absorb far more electricity than one, for,

Fifth, no chimney, or cupola, or spire, should be without its point, elevated from three to five feet above it, and not more than two points should connect with one ground rod. In fact, the more rod, the more perfect is the protection, if a corresponding quantity of surface is placed in contact with permanent moisture, and protected from rust.

Every motive that induces us to provide a lightning rod, also demands that it shall be the best one. We can live on inferior bread, or meat, but an inferior lightning rod may be the death of us; and a few dollars difference between the best and even a medium one, should never be suffered to stand in the way of our lives and hardly earned property.

Respectfully,

J. B. Lyon.

Cleveland, O., July 25, 1860.

Government Expedition to the Fishing Grounds of the British Provinces. The steamer City of New York, sails from this port to-day under a charter of the U. S. Government, and will proceed to the fishing grounds of the British North American Provinces. The City of New York takes as passenger ex-Gov. Hubbard of Maine, one of the U. S. Commissioners under the Reciprocity treaty, with other Washington engineers and officials. At St. Johns, N. F., the British Commissioners will join the party, and together they will proceed to define the fishing boundaries as provided for in the treaty between this country and England. Among the party from the United States is a gentleman from Seabrook, N. H., of great experience in all matters connected with the fishing interest, and having a thorough knowledge of the localities, which the Commissioners are about to visit the first of September.—*Boston Traveller, 18th.*

More Fillibustering. Gen. Beckley publishes an address to Knights of the Golden Circle, in the Washington papers. They are ordered to repair to their encampment in Texas, by Sept. 15. He says the citizens of Texas have raised $498,000, and he appeals to the Southern States for contributions—the object declared to be the Americanizing and Southernizing Mexico—looking to the establishment of a Southern confederacy. Such a course taken will not violate the neutrality laws. The Knights are going into Mexico as emigrants—becoming bona-fide citizens there. It is said to be under the Mexican sanction. The Knights are represented to number 50,000.

Dr. Pomroy. A correspondent of the Portland *Transcript* writing from Bethel, Oxford Co., last week, says:—Among the visitors here is the Rev. Dr. S. L. Pomroy and family. Next week, by invitation of the leading citizens of the place, he will deliver here a course of lectures on the Holy Land, embodying his recollections of travel in Palestine.

☞ The hay crop of Waldo will be from half to two-thirds as heavy as last year. So says the Belfast *Age*.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN. In accordance with the calculations of the almanac makers, the sun suffered its periodical eclipse on Wednesday the 18th inst., between the hours of 7.20 and 9.30 A. M. A fine opportunity was afforded by the absence of clouds in the sky, for observing this grand phenomenon. About one-half the disc of the sun was obscured to observers in this vicinity, the obscuration increasing or decreasing according to the latitude in which it was observed. Expeditions had been sent by the government to Labrador and to Washington Territory, where it was total, for the purpose of fixing with accuracy the geographical position of both the east and west coasts of North America. The following which we copy from the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, will be interesting to our readers:

"The first appearance of the eclipse of the 18th inst., since the creation of the world, (according to sacred chronology) was in the year A. D. 958, December 8, old style, at 10 o'clock 50 minutes forenoon, when the moon's penumbra just came in contact with the earth at the South pole; it has appeared every nineteenth year since, and at each return the moon's shadow passed across the earth from West to East a little farther to the North at each return, until 1644, March 8, old style, when the centre of the moon's shadow passed a little to the North of the earth's centre (the moon being 14 minutes, 46 seconds from her descending node, which was its 38th periodical return). It has continued to appear every nineteenth year since 1644, until this eclipse, which is its sixty-first periodical return. Its next appearance will be in 1878, July 29, at 3 o'clock 23 minutes in the morning, invisible in the United States. It will also appear again in 1896, Aug. 9. It will continue to appear every 19th year until the year 2294, April 25, when the moon's shadow will just touch the earth at the North pole, which will be its seventy-sixth periodical and last appearance, until the expiration of 12,492 years, when it will come on again at the South pole, and go through a similar course. The velocity of the moon's shadow across the earth during the eclipse will be about 1850 miles an hour, or four times the velocity of a cannon-ball.

The Penumbra, or partial shadow of the moon, will first come in contact with the earth, at the rising of the sun in the Northern part of Texas, between the Indian Territory and New Mexico; it will then take a North-easterly and then a South-easterly course over the earth. The Umbra, or total dark shadow of the moon, will first come in contact with the earth in the Pacific Ocean, 100 miles west of Oregon, directly West of Oregon City, and a little to the South-west of the mouth of the Columbia River; it will then pass in a North-easterly direction over British America to Hudson's Bay, near Fort York, at the mouth of Nelson's River crossing Hudson's Bay and Labrador to Cape Chidley, which will be the most favorable position on the continent for observing the Total Eclipse. It will then enter the Atlantic Ocean, passing due East until nearly South of Cape Farewell, the Southern cape of Greenland where the sun will be totally eclipsed at noon at that place; it will then take a curved line toward the Southeast, passing over the North of Spain, the Mediterranean Sea, Algiers, Tripoli, Fezzan, the southwestern corner of Egypt, into Nubia, where it will leave the earth near the Red Sea a little before the setting of the sun at that place.

The path of the Umbra in which the sun will be totally eclipsed, will be about 70 miles in width whereas the *Penumbra*, in which the sun will appear more or less eclipsed, will extend from the Gulf of Mexico to 20 deg. upon the opposite side of the North Pole, a distance of over 6000 miles. The Umbra in its passage over the earth makes a curved line; this is caused by the spherical form of the earth. If the earth were a flat surface, the path of the Umbra would then be a straight line from the northwest to the Southwest, making an angle with the the equator of 17 deg. At all places South of the line of total eclipse the sun's Northern limb will be eclipsed; but in Europe, England, Ireland, Greenland, Iceland, and the Northern part of British America, the Southern limb will be eclipsed."

TORNADO IN MAINE. A severe storm of hail and rain passed over the town of Sanford on Friday, 13th. A correspondent of the Saco *Democrat* says that the course of the storm was from the northwest, that it was about one mile in width, and similar in appearance to the hurricane which, some little time since, did so much damage in Illinois and Iowa. One of the roads leading from the village is rendered impassable. On the farm of David Goodwin the hail lay to the depth of two feet. The farm of N. Chadbourne, Jr., was visited with equal severity. One field of corn was apparently ruined, and the hail was lying in cartloads. On other farms the corn and grain crops have been almost if not completely destroyed.

PATENTS. The following Patents were issued from the U. S. Patent Office on the 17th of July, 1860:

Uphraim U. Thompson of Bristol, Me., for improvement in setting up ships' rigging.

L. Throp and William D. Shurtleff of Turner, Me., for improvement in railroad car couplings.

Otis Hood, Jr., of Turner, Me., assignor for himself and H. G. Le Baron of Portland, Me., for improved coupling for railway cars.

John C. Plummer of Portland, Me., assignor to himself and David Robinson, Jr., of same place, for improved shoemaker's last.

☞ The Aroostook *Pioneer* mentions a case of good pluck shown by a couple of young chaps from old Oxford. Last spring, two young men from Canton, Oxford County, came to Aroostook, selected their lots in Lyndon, cleared what land they would want next season for the purpose of putting in a crop, engaged a person to burn the "cut down" in August, and then started on foot for home, a distance of more than three hundred miles, with the intention of returning next spring and occupying their farms.

SUDDEN DEATH. Mr. Thomas Smith of Lyndon, to which place he removed from Kennebec County in March last, went to bed as usual on Wednesday evening last, and his wife, on awakening in the morning of Thursday, discovered that he was a corpse. He leaves a wife and five children. It is probable that he died of the heart disease.—*Aroostook Democrat.*

SUDDEN DEATH. Mr. Jonas Thompson of Embden died very suddenly on the 9th inst. He was about, and out of the house on the morning of the day he died, but not feeling well took some medicine administered by a quack doctor who pretended to be a healing spiritual medium. He died soon after.—*Somerset Telegraph.*

☞ A new "pink" has recently been imported from China. It has flowers three inches in diameter, color rich crimson, spotted and edged with white, with a velvety appearance, and very prolific of flowers. Its name is Dianthus Chinesis Heddewign, easy to be remembered, of course.

DEDICATION AT TOPSFIELD. The meeting house in Topsfield, recently erected mainly through the exertions of Dan Pineo, Esq., was dedicated on Friday, the 6th inst. Sermon from Luke 2—13: 14 by Rev. Mr. Helmershausen of Orono.

☞ There was a celebration in Belfast on the Fourth of July under the auspices of the Spiritualists. Two or three thousand persons were present. Delegations were present representing thirty-six towns and four cities.

☞ The *Mail* says that the apple crop in the vicinity of Waterville, promises to be almost an old fashioned one—the fruit presenting a remarkably clean and healthy appearance.

☞ In the town of Foxcroft the following list of stock is reported: Oxen, 144; cows 219; sheep, 788; horses, 160; colts, 69; 3 years old, 142; 2 years old, 162; 1 year old, 107.

☞ Messrs. Wiswell have a vessel on the stocks, at East Machias, designed for a fore-and-aft schooner of about 160 tons, which will be completed in about six weeks.

☞ The exibition of the Great Eastern will close July 28th. She sails August 16th for England via Halifax.

☞ A. W. Wildes, Esq., of Skowhegan, is making the survey for a horse railroad at Lewiston.

☞ The Menhaden oil making business is good on our eastern coast. The "porgies" have come in great shoals.

☞ Stephen Cobb, Esq., of Sumner, committed suicide on Monday night by hanging himself. No cause is assigned for the act.

FOREIGN NEWS.

SIX DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE. The steamer Connaught from Galway, July 10, arrived at St. John, N. F. July 19, on her passage to Boston.

When sixteen hours out from Galway, she met with an accident to the piston passing through the head of the cylinder. The greatest run made in one day was three hundred and thirty-six miles.

The Prince of Wales, in the Hero, accompanied by the Ariadne, sailed from Plymouth at 8 A. M. on the 10th inst. The Channel Fleet would accompany him as far as Cape Clear.

The news by this arrival is generally unimportant.

The transfer of the mail contract from the Galway line to the Canadian Company has been concluded. The North Briton, leaving Liverpool the 11th inst., would call at Galway on the 13th and receive the mails, and proceed to Quebec via St. John. This service is to be fortnightly, alternate Canadian steamers touching at Londondery as at present.

Two additional unimportant failures in the leather trade are reported.

The acquiescence in the proposed conference by all the great powers is considered certain. It will be held at Paris in October, the several powers being represented by their Ambassadors to France.

Nothing later is known as to Garibaldi's movements against Messina. The reports of fighting near Messina lack confirmation.

The proclamation of the new Constitution was received with indifference at Naples.

The Royalist forces for the defense of Messina are computed at 20,000.

The Sicilian Ambassador to France had reached Turin.

The Papal government has released the political prisoners in the Romagna.

France had notified the Turkish government of its intention, jointly with the other powers, to stop the massacre of the Christians in Syria.

The Bombay mail of June 7 had reached England.

Lord Elgin and Baron Gros had left Galle for China.

Ninety boxes of specie, from the wreck of the Malabar, had been recovered.

The mail from Melbourne of May 17 had arrived in England.

The commercial crisis at Sidney had abated. Only two additional failures are reported.

The reports from the insurrection in New Zealand are unsatisfactory. It appears to be spreading.

ONE DAY LATER. The steamer Africa from Liverpool July 7th arrived at New York July 20.

The massacre of the Christians in Lebanon is confirmed.

In the House of Commons Lord John Russell announced General Harney's recall from San Juan, for departing from Gen. Scott's agreement and expressed his satisfaction with the course of the American government.

At the American banquet in London on the 4th of July, Mr. Dallas spoke in strong terms of eulogy of Garibaldi.

The only additional failure of importance in the leather trade is that of Lawrence, Mortimore & Co., Liverpool. Liabilities, £300,000.

There are rumors of failures in the cotton trade at Liverpool. Names not mentioned.

A Naples telegram of the 5th announces that Garibaldi had marched on Messina.

The subsidy promised by France for laying a submarine telegraph between that country and the United States, is based on an interest of 7 per cent. for fifty years on a capital stock of fifteen million francs.

The following interesting items of news are gleaned from the European papers by this arrival.

France. The London *Globe* correspondent at Paris says:

"It is universally understood in Paris, as confirmed by all who have access to official information, that a most violent pressure is exercised by the French Emperor on both the Courts of Naples and Turin for the enforcement of a "confederation" equally repugnant to the one and to the other, but for very opposite reasons."

Austria. The Vienna correspondent of the *Times* states that the leading men in the Reichsrath have repeatedly met in private during the week, and it has transpired that they have agreed to advise the Emperor to grant a constitution to his subjects.

General Benedek, says the *Breslau Gazette*, is now making a tour in Hungary for the purpose of inquiring personally into the wants and wishes of the people, and ascertaining the cause of the general discontent which prevails. This conduct inspires a certain confidence.

Piedmont and Naples. The *Nord* says: "Count Cavour answered the advances of Naples by proposing conditions which seem to us calculated to allay all distrust, if accepted: 1. The Government of Naples shall definitively break with Austria. 2. It shall give and cause to be accepted at Rome the counsels which itself has received and accepted. 3. It shall adopt a line of policy tending to the complete independence of Italy. 4. The promised reforms shall be really effected. Let the King give guaranty on all these points, and Piedmont will readily take the hand he offers.

Naples. The Central Neapolitan Committee has issued the following proclamation:

In regard to the desire expressed by several generous souls that, following the example of our brethren in Sicily, Naples should immediately rise in arms:

Considering that this generous suggestion is at the present moment premature, that it would lead to a too great effusion of blood, would disturb the regular march of events, the development of which has been regulated and arranged by us, and, therefore, far from advancing, would delay the complete and definitive triumph of the great Italian cause; we ordain—

1. That until further orders, the utmost tranquility shall be maintained in the capital.

2. That a dignified and severe attitude shall be maintained, and any collision with the agents of the government scrupulously avoided.

3. Every nominal concession, the offspring of monetary necessity, and designed to impede the full and entire solution of the national idea, should be treated with contempt.

Sicily. A letter from Genoa says that provisions, arms and camp are being continually sent off to Sicily. As to men, Genoa contained quite an army of volunteers from all parts, but especially Venetia, Upper Italy and Romagna. There are also a certain number of Frenchman. There were 4000 volunteers ready at Genoa to depart.

The *Opinion National* states that the liberal concessions of the King of Naples had induced Garibaldi to change his mind with reference to the annexation of Sicily, and the formality of a vote is to take place on the 18th inst. In consequence of this concession, Prince Torrearsa withdraws his resignation.

The Paris correspondent of the *Globe* says: Bloody work must be going on within the citadel and city of Messina, as a steamer has just brought into the Bay of Naples three hundred wounded soldiers, victims of the people or else of their own comrads in open revolt against Bomba.

Gen. Garibaldi has written the following letter to the London Italian Committee:

"PALERMO, June 24.

Sir: One of our friends suggests to me that in laying before your committee the urgent need that we have of a flotilla, it would be possible to obtain a couple of steamers armed with Armstrong guns. We have already so many proofs of the sympathy and generosity of the English toward us that I have ventured to make this proposal to you. Will you convey to your worthy coadjutors the expression of my most lively gratitude and that of all Italy."

HIGH PRICES FOR GARDEN PRODUCE. Owing to the unfavorable weather in England, the prices for garden products in London at last accounts were very high. Strawberries were $1 50 per pound; cherries 50 cents; last year's apples $1 per dozen; asparagus 75 cents per hundred; peas $1 25 per peck; tomatoes 50 cents per dozen.

☞ The people in Redwood City and neighborhood are asking for a preacher. They say they do not want a "sensationist" nor do they want a "poor tool of the Lord," but a sensible man of any denomination, whom they are willing to pay liberally.

☞ The new Pemberton Mill, erected on the site of the disaster in Lawrence, will soon be completed and will be one story higher than before. It will manufacture cotton and woolen goods and employ one thousand hands.

☞ Of the total tax of $9000, in the town of Machias, seventeen firms and individual pay upwards of $4000.

In Calais there are thirty-nine persons and firms who pay a sum exceeding $100 each for taxes.

PANIC IN THE ENGLISH HIDE AND LEATHER TRADE. The *Shoe and Leather Reporter* has an article on the failures in the hide and leather trade in London, which seem likely to spread through England. The first house to go down was that of Streatfield, Lawrence & Mortimore, whose liabilities are upward of £1,000,000, and their suspension dragged down seven other firms whose liabilities are upward of £1,000,000. Besides the above, several other houses have suspended, whose liabilities are not known. The London *Times* states that the break-up is the result of undue credit having been granted to a single firm, which has made a multitude of smaller ones to keep up a constant system of extension; that the tanners, as a body, have always stood well for prudence and solidity, and that it is believed that the position of the firms that have avoided speculation and carried on only legitimate operations, was never more healthy or independent than at present. Large quantities of leather had been offered in the London markets without finding purchasers, and sales had been made at thirty and forty per cent. decline from previous prices. The dealers of Liverpool, where the American trade is now centred, have suffered little, compared with those of London, and it is believed the houses principally engaged in the American trade are in no danger, but will weather the storm.

CURE FOR CANCER. Mr. Thomas Anderton gives the following recipe for cancer, which he says has been of great service in several dangerous cases:

"Boil fine Turkey figs in new milk, which they will thicken; when they are tender, split and apply them as warm as they can be borne to the part affected, whether broken or not; the part must be washed every time the poultice is changed with some of the milk; use a fresh poultice night and morning, and at least once during the day, and drink a quarter of a pint of the milk the figs are boiled in, twice in the twenty-four hours. If the stomach will bear it, this must be persevered in for three or four months, at least. A man aged one hundred and five years was cured, about six years before his death, with only six pounds of figs. The cancer, which began at the corner of his mouth, had eaten through his jaw, cheek, and half way down his throat; yet he was so perfectly cured as never to show any tendency to return. Should it ever do so, the figs should again be applied. The first application gives a great deal of pain, but afterwards each dressing gives relief. A woman cured by this remedy had been afflicted ten years; her breast bled excessively; ten pounds cured."

CANNIBALISM. The Honolulu *Commercial Advertiser* publishes a long account of the trip of the missionary packet Morning Star to the Marquesas Islands, written by one of the missionaries. It says:—

"Taking both mission families on board, we left for Pnamo, (Hivao,) at midnight 19th, reaching that place Saturday morning, April 20th. Landed our passengers and goods; found all the natives of the bay friendly and obliging, and seemed to be living peacefully with their neighbors; but the natives of Heteani, the station of Pohaku, attacked a village of the Typees, in September last, and killed six men, one of whom they brought to their home, cooked and ate, under the eyes of the missionary. They also took captive a boy, whom they burned alive. Pohaku says they made a large fire, over which the boy was suspended and roasted, after being bound hand and foot. Captives are always sure of a terrible fate; nothing short of extermination, root and branch, of their enemies, is thought of."

DRY WEATHER IN CANADA EAST. The Montreal *Gazette* of the 17th says that the dry weather is producing most sad destruction of herbage in the vicinity of that city. Many fields have been literally baked by it, the grass being dead and yellow as last year's hay. The hay crop will be an utter failure. In Western Canada there has been plenty of rain, and the crops are everywhere most promising.

AUGUSTA PRICES CURRENT.
CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Flour,	$6 00 to 8 00	Round Hog,	$7 00 to 8 00
Corn Meal,	1 00 to 1 10	Clear Salt Pork,	10 00 to 12 50
Rye Meal,	1 25 to 0 00	Mutton,	10 to 12
Wheat,	1 40 to 1 50	Spring Lambs,	7 to 10
Rye,	1 00 to 1 10	Turkeys,	12 to 14
Corn,	75 to 85	Chickens,	10 to 12
Beans,	1 00 to 1 50	Geese,	6 to 8
Oats,	40 to 42	Clover Seed,	11 to 14
Potatoes, new,	75 to 1 00	Herdsgrass,—none.	
Dried Apples,	6 to 9	Red Top,	83 to 1 00
Cooking "	40 to 50	Hay,	12 00 to 14 00
Winter "	75 to 1 00	Lime,	80 to 85
Butter,	15 to 16	Fleece Wool,	35 to 38
Cheese,	12 to 15	Pulled Wool,	32 to 35
Eggs,	12 to 14	Lamb Skins,	40 to 50
Lard,	14 to 16	Hides,	6 to 6½

FARMERS and others must remember that the prices of many articles in the above list fluctuate somewhat nearly every day—in proportion to their abundance or scarcity in the market, and as we can only give the prices or Tuesday, due allowance must be made.

BRIGHTON MARKET....July 19.

At market, 1000 Beeves, 300 Stores, 4900 Sheep, 300 Swine.

PRICES—*Beef Cattle.*—Extra, $7 50; first quality, 7,25; second, $6 75 @ $0 00; third, 5 50 @ $5,75.

Working Oxen.—None.

Milch Cows.—$45 @ $47; common, $19 @ $20.

Veal Calves.—$3 00, $4 00 @ $5 00.

Yearlings.—none, two yrs. old 9 @ $11, three yrs. old $12 @ 17.

Hides.—6c @ 6½c ℔ lb. *Calf Skins.*—10 @ 13c ℔ lb.

Sheep and Lambs.—$1, $1 25 @ 1 50; extra $2, $3 @ $3 50.

Pelts.—50c @ $1,75 each.

Swine.—Stores, wholesale 6 @ 6½; retail 7 @ 8c.; Spring Pigs, 7½ @ 8c; retail 8 @ 9c.; fat hogs, undressed, none.

Beeves are sold by the head, at prices equal to the value per pound of the estimated weight of beef in the quarter, together with the fifth quarter, or the hide and tallow, at the same price, at a shrinkage from live weight agreed on by the parties—varying from 28 to 34 per cent.

Remarks—Price of Beef about the same as last week for a like quality, there being but little good Beef at market, the best cattle sold some 50c ℔ cwt., higher than last week Sheep and Lambs are dull there being a large supply at market.

Total number of Stock Cars over the different roads, 224.

BOSTON MARKET....July 21.

FLOUR.—Sales of common brands Western at $5 25 @ $5,50; fancy brands at $5 50 @ $5 75; extras $5 75 @ $6 00, and superior at $6 50 @ $9 00, ℔ barrel. Southern is quiet at $6,00 @ $6 25 for fancy; $6 50 @ 7 00 for extras; and $7 25 @ 8 50 for superior.

CORN—Yellow, 70 @ 73; mixed at 68c white 68 a 70 ℔ bush.

OATS—Northern and Canada, 40 @ 44c ℔ bush.

RYE—90c per bushel small lots.

HAY—Eastern declining with sales at $18 ℔ ton, cash.

NEW YORK MARKET....July 23.

Flour dull and all qualities declined 1 cent—sales 8,000 bbls—superfine State 5 00; extra 5,25 a 5,40; round hoop Ohio 5,40 a 5,60; western 5,00 a 5,40. Southern lower—sales 1400 bbls—mixed to good 5,40 a 5,75; fancy and extra 5,90 a 7.50. Canada declining—superfine 5,00 a 5,50; extra at 5,20 a 7,37.

Wheat dull and all qualities declined 1 a 3cts.—sales 35,000 bushels—Milwaukie Club 1,25 a 1,26; red western 1,31; white 1,87½; red Southern 1,32, new

Corn dull—sales 49,500—mixed western 61c for unsound, 61½ a 62 for choice.

Beef quiet and steady.

MARRIED.

Augusta, July 18th, by Rev. Mr. Ingraham, Charles S. Delano to Harriet J. Marston.

Auburn, Ira Sampson to Betsey A. Young, both of Auburn.

Addison, June 30th, Horace A. Hinckley to Susannah Wass.

Belfast, July 14th, John Stevens, Jr. to Cornelia O. Frederick; James Smith to Caroline Staples of Searsport; July 10, Pliny E. Dinsmore to Mary A. Ryder.

Bangor, July 2d, Reuel Graves to Evelina O. Babb.

Biddeford, July 5th, Benjamin C. Davis of Freeport, to Lydia C. Hatch.

Columbia, July 4th, G. W. Kilton of Jonesboro,' to Jane C. Pineo.

Danville, Wm. H. Rounds of Poland, to Rebecca Fitz.

East Bowdoinham, July 5th, Capt. Edwin G. Eastman of Hallowell, to Jennie M. Harward.

Ellsworth, Alanson J. Haslam of Waltham, to Elizabeth P. Jordan; Rowland C. Webber to Susan Hawkins.

Farmington, July 1st, Webster Gage of Mercer, to Mrs. A. Eliza Coburn of Brunswick; Daniel T. Mason of Mercer, to Nancy M. Tibbets of New Sharon.

Georgetown, July 10th, Henry A. Morris of Portland, to Mary E. Marr.

Hampden, July 11th, Wm. C. Clark, Esq., of Lincoln, to Eliza C. Rice.

DIED.

Augusta, July 4th, John Lancaster, aged 61 yrs.

Anson, July 9th, Mary, wife of Obadiah Mann aged 74 yrs.

Boston, Rev. Geo. B. Little, formerly Pastor of the First Cong. Church in Bangor; July 14th, Nathaniel Jennings, formerly of Bath, 45.

Cincinnati, Ohio, July 7th, John Clark Parshley of Portland, 45 years.

Eastport, July 7th, Jessie, daughter of Joseph Anderson, Jr, 6 yrs 6 mths.

East Machias, July 8th, Mrs. Lucy Wright, colored, 87.

Ellsworth, July 11th, Polly, wife of Ephraim Brown, 70.

Farmington, July 17th, Elliot C. Marvel, 52; 6th, Appleton M. Marvel 22.

Gardiner, July 16th, Mary, widow of the late Elisha Palmer, formerly of Hallowell, 67.

Hartland, July 10th, of congestion of the brain, Thomas J. Lewis, 35.

Hancock, July 9th, Melinda Ursula, wife of R. H. B. Moon, Esq., 23.

Montville, July 10th, Elizabeth, wife of David Norton 63.

Pittston, July 3d, Miss Page, 106.

Rockland, July 5th, Louisa M., wife of C. G. Moffat, 37; 7th, James Spear, Jr., 3?; 9th, Lucy E., daughter of Ambrose P., and Elmira Melvin, 1 year; June 8th, Nathaniel C., son of George and Sophia B Kaler, of Camden, 23 yrs 6 mths.

KENNEBEC, SS.—*At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, within and for the County of Kennebec, on the second Monday of July, A. D.* 1860.

FRANCIS FULLER, Guardian of SALLY FILLEBROWN, of Winthrop, in said County, non compos, now deceased, having presented his final account of Guardianship of said Ward for allowance:

ORDERED, That the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer printed at Augusta, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the second Monday of August next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.
H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

A true copy. Attest—J. BURTON, *Register.* 31*

KENNEBEC, SS.—*At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, within and for the County of Kennebec, on the second Monday of July, A. D.* 1860.

LAURA A. GILBERT, Administratrix on the Estate of GEORGE S GILBERT, late of Augusta, in said County, deceased, having presented her account of administration of the Estate of said deceased for allowance:

ORDERED, That the said Administratrix give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the second Monday of August next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed. H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

A true copy. Attest—J. BURTON, *Register.* 31*

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of

WILLIAM B. SHERMAN, late of Sidney,

in the county of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons therefore, having demands against the Estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement, and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

June 25, 1860. 31* FREDERICK R SHERMAN.

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the second Monday of July,* 1860.

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT purporting to be the last Will and Testament of STEPHEN HIGGINS, late of Augusta, in said County, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice be given, to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the second Monday of August next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of the said deceased.
H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.*
True copy. Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 31*

KENNEBEC SS....*At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, within and for the County of Kennebec, on the second Monday of July, A. D.* 1860.

GEORGE W. BLANCHARD and HIRAM POPE, Executors of the last will and testament of WILLIAM BLANCHARD, late of West Gardiner, in said County, deceased, having presented their final account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance:

ORDERED, That the said Executors give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively, in the Maine Farmer printed at Augusta that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at AUGUSTA, in said County on the second Monday of August, next, at nine of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.
H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.*
True copy. Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 31

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the second Monday of July,* 1860.

PAMELIA A. WHITE, formerly PAMELIA A. BOYD, widow of GEORGE BOYD, late of Winthrop, in said County, deceased, having presented her application for Commissioners to set out to her dower in the real estate, viz:—In the homestead farm of said deceased, situate in said Winthrop:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given, three weeks successively, in the Maine Farmer printed in Augusta, in said County, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, on the second Monday of August next, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

True copy. Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 31*

Commissioners Notice.

THE undersigned having been appointed by the Judge of Probate for Kennebec, Commissioners to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors of JOHN WILCOX, late of Monmouth, deceased, whose estate is represented insolvent, hereby give notice that six months from the date hereof, have been allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims, and that we will attend to the service assigned us, at the dwelling house of John Safford, Esq., in Monmouth, on the first Thursdays in September, November and December next, at ten of the clock, A. M.

JOHN SAFFORD,
WASHINGTON WILCOX.

Monmouth, June 11, 1860. 3w27

Commissioner's Notice.

THE undersigned having been appointed by the Judge of Probate for the County of Kennebec, commissioners to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors of DAVID NEAL, late of Litchfield, in said county, deceased, whose estate is represented insolvent, hereby give notice that six months from the TWENTY-EIGHTH day of May last, have been allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims, and that we will attend to the service assigned us at the dwelling house of the late David Neal, deceased, in said Litchfield, on the fourth Saturdays of September, October and November next, at one of the clock in the afternoon on each of said days.

JOS'AH TRUE,
Litchfield, June 18th, 1860. 29* THOMAS TRUE.

Dissolution of Copartnership.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the name and style of HUNT & LOCKE, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business will still be carried on by the undersigned.
31 WM. B. HUNT.

The Muse.

THE THUNDERSTORM.

At last it came, as from earth's bursting heart,
  A groan of thunder; then the coal-black cloud
Spit open, belching fire, and flooding rain
  Poured down a deluge, splashing fierce and loud.

The kitchen-door stood open, on the threshold stone
  The big drops danced and leaped. How fresh and cool
The smell of the wet earth came from the garden-beds—
  The ducks raced joyous round the farm-yard pool.

Yet this was but a foretaste; darker still
  The sky grew—swift the archangel brand,
Whose blade's the lightning, flashed and struck the firs—
  Swift as God's wrath upon a guilty land.

The lightning beat and splashed upon the pitcher,
  The blue flame shone upon the gate and road,
The firs, low groaning in their pain and travail,
  Bowed writhing underneath their dripping load.

It seemed to echo from the right-hand wailing,
  It shot in pulses, throbbing to and fro,
Now dark as hell's antipodes to heaven,
  And then ablaze with daylight's fullest glow.

Volleys of growling thunder rolled and bellowed,
  Enough to split the welkin overhead,
Driving down rain in fierce and fiercer deluge,
  Beating the fruit down on the garden-bed.

As it would rain forever, or as if
  All rain that heaven held were now released,
Turning the limes to waterfalls, the poplar trees
To silver melting columns, oaks to water flowers,
  Another clap roared out before the last one ceased.

The roof-tiles ran like spouts, the sluicing rain,
  In savage, eager wrath, raged devil hot,
The thunder-cannon volleys burst and split,
  You saw no inch of sky where light was not.

Look through the dark door-way, a sudden torch
  Burnt blue and spreading, as a flame were lit;
Look through the window, and you saw a roof
  Of lightning, and the tree is splintering smit.

And now, as children hid their frightened eyes,
  And women prayed, a lull came down like dew,
So soft and soothing; flickering now and then,
  The distant fields and vineyards came to view.
—*Bentley's Monthly.*

The Story Teller.

WOMAN'S CAPRICES.

A LOVE STORY.

"Men are never so awkward, never so ungraceful, never so disagreeable as when they are making love. A friend is a luxury, a husband ditto, I suppose; but that intermittent class of human beings denominated lovers are terrible bores. It does very well for women to blush and look flustered now and then when occasion makes it desirable; but to see a man with his face as red as a ripe cherry, and a real parcel of strong-mindedness, self-reliance, and masculine dignity, done up in broadcloth and starched linen, quaking from the top of his shirt collar, his mouth awry, and his tongue twisted into convulsions in the vain attempt to say something sweet—O gracious!"

So said saucy Sophie Lynn aloud to herself, as she sat swinging backwards and forwards before the window, half buried in the cushions of a luxuriant arm-chair, and playing with a delicate ivory fan that lay in her lap.

"It also seems so strange, not to say tiresome," she continued, with a running, musical laugh, "after one has waltzed and sung, quoted poetry and talked nonsense with anybody till one is puzzled to know which one of the two is most heartless, one's self or one's companion, to hear him come down plump on the subject of matrimony, as though that was the legitimate result of every such insipid acquaintance! For my part I never had a lover (here Sophie fluttered her fan and looked pleased, for she had more than one) that I wasn't sick of after he proposed. There was Captain Morris—I thought him the handsomest man in the whole circle of my acquaintance, until he went on his knees to me, and swore he should die if I didn't take pity on him. Somehow he always looked like a fright to me afterwards. Then there was Dr. Wilkins—he was really agreeable and people said very learned. I was delighted with him for a time; but he spoiled it all with that offer of his—what longwinded adjectives! and how the poor fellow blushed, puffed, and perspired! He called me an "adorable creature," and hiccoughed in the middle of "adorable." Horrors! I have hated him ever since. Then there was a——"

Here Sophie started. She heard the door-bell ring. With a nervous spring she stood before the mirror, smoothing down her brown hair with a haste truly comical.

"It won't do to seem interested," she said, as she took a finishing survey of her person in the glass, and shook out, with her plump jeweled fingers, the folds of her airy muslin dress.

The moment afterwards, when a servant entered to announce Mr. Harry Ainslee, she was back to her old sent by the window, rocking and playing with her fan, apparently as unconcerned and listless as though that name had not sent a quicker thrill to her heart, or the betraying crimson all over her pretty face. "Tell him I will be down presently," she said.

The girl disappeared, and Sophie flung open the window, that the cool, fresh air might fan away the extra rosiness from her complexion.

Then she went again to the mirror, and after composing her bright, eager, happy face into an expression of demureness, descended to the parlor. A smile broke over the features, and she reached out both hands to the guest; but, as if suddenly recollecting herself, she drew them back again, and with a formal bow of recognition she passed him and seated herself in a further corner of the room.

It was very evident that something was wrong with Sophie; that she had made up her mind either not to be pleased, or not to please. Could it be that she had foreseen what was coming? that a presentiment of that visit and its result had dictated the merry speeches in her chamber? Be that as it may, a half hour had not elapsed before Harry Ainslee's hand and fortune, (though the latter, by the way, was nothing wonderful,) were in the same place where Capt. Morris' and Dr. Wilkins had been before them."

"The first man that I ever heard say such things without making a fool of himself," muttered Sophie, emphatically, from behind her fan, as she sat blushing and evidently gratified, yet without deigning any reply to the gallant, straightforward speech in which her lover had risked his all of hope.

"He ought to do penance for the pretty way he manages his tongue. He's altogether too calm to suit me." And Sophie shook her curly head meaningly, holding her fan before her for a screen. Did she forget what she had been saying? "I wonder if I could snore the way old uncle Jones used to in church?" she soliloquised. "Wouldn't it be fun—and wouldn't it plague Harry if he thought I had been asleep while he was talking!"

Sophie's blue eyes danced with suppressed merriment as she gave two or three heavy breathings, and followed them up with a nasal explosion worthy of an orthodox deacon. It was well done—and theatrically done—and poor Harry sprang bolt upright, surprised, mortified, chagrined. Human nature could stand it no longer, and Sophie gave vent to her mirth in a burst of triumphant laughter.

"Y-o-u little witch—you mischief—you spirit of evil;" exclaimed the reviled Harry as he sprang to her side and caught her by the arm with a grip that made her scream, "you deserve a shaking for your behavior!" Then lowering his voice, he added gravely:

"Will you never have done tormenting me? If you love me can you not be generous enough to tell me so; and if you do not, am I not at least worthy of a candid refusal?"

Words sprang to Sophie's lips that would have done credit to her womanly nature, for the whole depths of her being were stirred and drawn towards him as they never before had been towards any man.

But she could not quite give up her railery then. She would go one step further from him ere she laid her hand in his and told him he was dearer than all the world beside. So she checked the tender response that trembled on her tongue, and flinging off his grasp, with a mocking gesture and a ringing laugh, danced across the room to the piano.

She seated herself, she ran her fingers gracefully over the keys, and broke out in a wild brilliant defiant song that made her listener's ears tingle as he stood watching her, and choking back the indignant words that came crowding to his lips for utterance.

"Sophie, listen to me!" he said at length as she paused from sheer exhaustion. "Is it generous—is it just, to trifle with me so—to turn into ridicule the emotion of a heart that offers to you the most reverent affections? I have loved you because beneath this volatile surface character of yours, I thought I saw truthfulness and a warm current of tender, womanly feelings, that would bathe with blessings the whole life of him whose hand was so fortunate as to touch its secret springs. You are an heiress, and I only a poor student; but if that is the reason why you treat me so scornfully, you are less the noble woman than I thought you."

Sophie's head was was averted, and a suspicious moisture glistened in her eyes as Harry ceased speaking. Ah! why is it that we sometimes hold our highest happiness so lightly—carrying it carelessly in our hands, as though it were but dross, staking it all upon an idle caprice! When she turned her countenance towards him again, the same mocking light was in her eyes, the same coquettish smile breathed from her red lips.

"Speaking of heiresses," said Sophie, "there is Helen Myrtle, whose father is worth twice as much as mine. Perhaps you had better transfer your attention to her, Mr. Ainslee. The difference in our dowries would no doubt be quite an inducement, and possibly she might consider your case more seriously than I have done."

Like an insulted prince, Harry Ainslee stood up before her—the hot, firery, indignant blood dashed in a fierce current over his breast as if to keep his heart from bursting with uprising indignation, his lips compressed, and his dark eyes flashing. Sophie, cruel Sophie! You trespassed upon his forbearance one little step further than you would have dared, had you known his proud and sensitive nature.

Not till he had gone—gone without a single word of expostulation, leaving only a grave "good-bye," and the memory of his pale face to plead for him—did the thoughtless girl wake to a realization of what she had done. Then a quick terrible fear shot through her heart, and she would have given every curl on her brown head to have had him beside her one short moment longer.

"Pshaw! what am I afraid of? He will be back again in twenty-four hours, and as importunate as ever," she muttered to herself, as the street door closed after him; yet a sigh that was half a sob, followed the words, and could Harry have seen the beautiful pair of eyes that watched him so eagerly as he went down the long street, or the bright face that leaned way out through the parted blinds with such a wistful look as he disappeared, it might have been his turn to triumph.

In spite of Sophie's prophecy, twenty-four hours did not bring back Harry. Days matured into weeks, and still Harry did not come, nor in all that time did she see him. And now she began to think herself quite a martyr, and acted accordingly. In fact, she did as almost any heroine would have done under the circumstances—grew pale and interesting. Mariana began to suggest delicacies to tempt Sophie's palate. "The poor dear child was getting so thin." In vain Sophie pretested that she had no appetite.

In vain papa bought dainty gifts and piled up costly dresses before his pet. A faint smile or abstracted "thank you" was his only recompense. If sister Kate suggested that Harry's absence was in any way connected with her altered demeanor, Sophie would toss her ringleted head with an air of supreme indifference, and go away and cry over it, hours at a time. Everybody thought something was the matter with Sophie. Sophie among the rest.

Her suspense and penitence became insupportable at last. Sister Kate, who had come so near the solution of the mystery, should know all—so said Sophie. Perhaps she could advise her what to do, for to give Harry up forever seemed every day more and more of an impossibility.

"Will you come into the garden with me, Kate?" she asked, in a trembling voice, of her sister one day, about a month after her trouble with Harry: "I have something of importance to tell you."

"Go away darling, and I will be with you in a few moments," replied Kate, casting a searching glance at Sophie's flushed cheek and swollen eyes.

Running swiftly along the garden paths, as if from fear of pursuit, Sophie turned aside into her favorite arbor, and, flinging herself down on a low seat, buried her head among the cool vines, and gave herself up to paroxysm of passionate grief. Soon she heard one approaching, and an arm was twined tenderly about her waist, and a warm hand was laid caressingly on her drooped head.

"O, Kate, Kate!" she cried in the agony of her repentance, "I am perfectly wretched—you don't know why, though you have come very near guessing two or three times. Harry and I"—

Here a convulsive sob interrupted her, and the hand upon her head passed over her disordered curls with a gentle soothing motion.

"Harry and I"—another sob—quarreled two or three weeks ago. I was willful and rude, just as it was natural for me to be, and he got angry. I don't think he is going to forgive, for he hasn't been here since."

Sophie felt herself drawn in a closer embrace, and was sure Kate pitied her.

"I would not have owned it to anybody if it had not been just as it is," she continued, rubbing her little white hands into her eyes; "but I think I love him almost as much as I do you and father and mother."

A kiss dropped on Sophie's glossy head, and still tighter was she held. She wondered that Kate was so silent, but still kept her face hidden in the vines.

"He asked me to be his wife," she continued—"asked me as nobody else ever did—in such a manly way that he made me feel as though I ought to have been the one to plead instead of him. I could not bear that, and I answered him as I should not. He thought it was because he was poor and I was rich; and all the time I was thinking I would rather live in a cottage with him than in the grandest in the world with any other man, only I was too proud to tell him so to his face. What can I do? Tell me, Kate, you are much better than I am, and you never get into trouble. I am sure I shall die if you don't."

"Look up dear, and I'll tell you."

Sophie did look up with a start, and the next moment, with a little scream, leaped into the arms—not of sister Kate, but of Harry Ainslee.

Sophie declares to this day that she has never forgiven either of them, though she has been Mrs. Ainslee two years.

A MURDERER'S CONFESSION.

The following is the portion of the confession of Hicks the pirate and murderer relating to the awful tragedy on board the sloop E. A. Johnson, for which, and his other crimes, he has recently paid the penalty of his own guilty life. He says:

Returning to New York, I lived by working along shore, but never missed a chance of robbery when it promised to pay me for my trouble, and the risk was not too great; but I was careful of doing much in New York city, and was all the while on the lookout for some enterprise in my favorite field of action—the sea.

During my searches, I came across the sloop E. A. Johnson, Captain Burr, and on making application was engaged on board of her.

The sloop E. A. Johnson offered an easy prey. She had on board, I supposed, from the information I could gather, something over a thousand dollars, and the entire crew consisted of but two boys and myself.

I had never known of or seen Captain Burr before I shipped with him. He had never done me injury or wrong, so that I had no revenge to gratify, no grudge to pay.

After engaging with Captain Burr, I went home to my wife No. 129 Cedar st., and lying down on the bed, told her not to disturb me, as I wanted to take a long sleep, and if any one came for me, to say that I was not in. She left me alone, and I then deliberately matured all my plans. I marked out the course I intended to pursue exactly, and after I had decided upon everything, I went to sleep and slept as soundly as I ever slept in my life, my mind was so much at ease, and I felt so contented at the idea of having at last an opportunity of making some money in an easy way.

The next day I went on board and commenced my duties, and in order to ingratiate myself into the good graces of the captain, I did even more than could have been expected of me.

We sailed on the 16th of March from the foot of Spring street and proceeded to Keyport, where we remained till Sunday. While here I scraped the mast of the sloop, did a lot of carpenter work, and evidently pleased Capt. Burr very much by my earnestness in trying to make everything look ship-shape.

We arrived at Gravesend on Saturday afternoon, and waited there for a fair wind.

At last we put to sea, and when we were off the Ocean House, I went to the forecastle, and got an axe, which I put in the boat hanging to the davit aft.

The younger Watts was at the helm, and I asked him to allow me to steer a little while. He consented, and went forward.

In a few minutes I left the helm, and taking the axe, went to him, and asked him if he saw Barnegat Light. He said he did not. I told him to look again, and pointed with my hand.

He turned round and looked in my face a moment, but even if he had suspected my cruel purpose, he would have read no indication of it there, for I was calm as though I was going to do the simplest and most innocent thing in life.

Had I been under human influences, the confident and trusty way in which he turned his eyes to mine, would have made me hesitate, but no such thought entered my heart, and I pointed again and told him to "Look there; ain't that it!"

He turned his head, and peered through the darkness in the direction I pointed, and as he did so, I struck him on the back of the head with the axe, and knocked him down.

He fell!

Thinking I had not killed him, I struck him again with the axe, as he lay upon the deck.

His fall and the sound of the axe made some noise, which, added to that caused by my running across the deck, attracted the attention of the captain, who came up the companion-way, and putting out his head, asked what was the matter?

I replied, "Nothing," and then asked him, as I had the younger Watts, "Is that Barnegat light?"

Captain Burr replied, "No; you will not see it for two hours;" and as he spoke he turned his head from me.

The axe swung in the air, and, guided by my sinewy and murderous arm, came down.

The edge crunched through his neck, nearly severing his head from his body, and killing him instantly.

The body fell down the companion-way.

As I turned to leap after it, and dispatch my remaining victim, I looked forward, and—Oh, God, how I shudder to think of it now!—he whom I thought I had already killed had risen and was coming aft, his hand outstretched toward me, and the blood running in two dark streams over his pale face, from two ghastly wounds on the head.

For a moment I stood undecided, but as he still came on, I ran toward him, but ere I reached him he fell about midships, and rushing on him, I struck once! twice! thrice! with the axe, and finished him.

Running aft, I jumped down the companion-way with the bloody axe in my hand.

There lay the elder Watts in his berth, and close beside him the ghastly bloody corpse of the captain.

I stood a moment looking at him, and dashed at him and struck out with the axe.

He leaped out of his berth, and sprang at me, all red with the blood of the captain, whose body had fallen past him, covering him with gore in its fall.

He tried to grapple with me, but stepping back I gave the fatal axe a full swing, and struck him again, again, and again, once upon the head once on the back, and once more upon the head, which felled him to the floor, and he lay dead at my feet side by side with the captain.

My bloody work was done!

Dead men tell no tales.

I was alone. No eye had seen me, and now I was free to reap the reward of my work.

I did not feel the slightest regret for what I had done, and went about removing the bodies as though they had been so much old lumber.

I took a rope and bent it on to the feet of the elder Watts, hauled him on deck, and threw him over the quarter. I then hauled the captain out in the same manner, and threw him over; and then going to mid-ships, I lifted the body of the younger Watts from the deck, and plunged him into the sea by the starboard side.

I then threw the axe overboard, and soon as I had done this, I changed the course of the sloop, and ran in close to the Hook.

My intention was to run the sloop up the North River, and then fire her, but I came near running her on the Dog Beacon, abreast of Coney Island and Staten Island lighthouse, after which I fouled with a schooner, and carried away the bowsprit, so I put the money, and such other articles of value as I could pick up, into the yawl, and then sculled ashore three miles, landing just below the fort on Staten Island.

My movements after landing are well known; when I look back upon the fatality which seemed to dog my steps, it seems as though the fiend, who so long had stood by me in every emergency, had deserted me at last, and had left me to my own weakness.

But I never thought of this until after my arrest. I had no shadow of a presentiment that I should be checked so suddenly and brought to justice, and on my return to New York, made arrangements to go away with my family as coolly as if nothing had occurred which should counsel me to use caution.

But on that fatal night when I awoke from a deep sleep to find the officers of the law standing by my bed, for the first time fear overcame me, and I grew faint and weak as a baby. Great drops of sweat started out on my forehead and all over my body, and then I realized that at last the master whom I had served so long had really deserted me and abandoned me to my fate.

But to all outward appearance I checked these feelings down, and none who saw me dreamed of what was passing within.

My task is done. I have related all the awful details of my life with as much minuteness as I can, and now nothing is left me but to prepare to die.

THE FARALLONES.

Some particulars relative to those rocky islets, the Farallones—collected from various sources—may interest our readers. The Farallones are in the Pacific Ocean, within the legislative limits of the city and county of San Francisco. They embrace the northerly, middle and southeasterly groups. The northerly cluster is made up of five rocks; the middle is a single rock; the southerly is the largest. The last is two miles in circumference. Upon it the lighthouse stands, the top of the tower of which is 360 feet above the level of the sea. This island is about 23¼ miles westward from the Golden Gate. It is really difficult to imagine a more desolate place than these rocky islets present to view, they being a mass of jagged granite. Neither a tree nor a shrub relieves the eye, by contrast, or gives change to the exceeding barrenness of the landscape.

Collectively, these islets may be considered as the most extensive poultry-yard in the world, for here may be found in myriads the bird described by Buffon as the *Guillamot*—the *Uria Troile* of Linnæus—which lays its eggs upon the bare rocks. The application of the "Foolish Guillamot" has been given to this species by Latham, from the fact of its being with difficulty roused to flight, and often allowing itself to be caught by the hand, particularly during incubation. Audubon, in his great national work, gives a charming account of the habits of this interesting species, (the *Murre,*) which is also known to the eggers and fishermen of the Northern Atlantic. Some idea may be formed of their numbers when it is known that each bird, during the season, lays but a single egg, and that since 1851 upwards of five million of their eggs have been sold in the San Francisco market. They are of a pale green color, blotched with umber, and are much in demand in restaurants. The egg season lasts about six weeks; from the middle of May to the end of June.

The bird of the most varied and brilliant plumage to be found here is the *Tufted Puffin*. Though rather numerous on this coast, it is elsewhere very rare, as is the *Horned-bill Guillamot*, which has been also seen and caught here. Of neither of these had Audubon ever met with a living specimen. Here, also, may be seen the huge seals, called sea-lions, (*Phoca Otaria Jubata*) This species attains a weight of 3000 pounds. Occasionally they are very savage, particularly during the nuptial season, when the fierce and bloody battles of the males render these islets of the ocean a very pandemonium.

A fog whistle, six inches in diameter, has been placed at the south side of the eastern part of the largest island, about 275 feet above the water. It is erected over a natural hole in the roof of a subteranean passage, connected with and open to the ocean, and is blown by the rush of air through the passage, caused by the sea breaking into its mouth. Except about an hour before and after high water, the whistle should be heard at all times, even at a distance of seven or eight miles. The vast advantage of this ingenious invention cannot be too highly appreciated by navigators on this coast, where fogs are so frequent.

The title to these islands, is, most probably, in the Federal Government. However, they did not escape the avaricious eye of Limontour, as they were included in the "gigantic swindle."—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

THE FIRST ROBERT PEEL.

When Robert Peel, then a youth, began business as a cotton-printer, near Bury, he lodged with his partner, William Yates, paying eight and sixpence per week for board and lodging. "William Yates' eldest child," says our author, "was a girl named Ellen, and she soon became an especial favorite with the young lodger. On returning from his hard day's work at "The Ground," he would take the little girl upon his knee, and say to her, "Nelly, thou bonny little dear, wilt be my wife?" to which the child would readily answer, "Yes," as any child would do. "Then I'll wait for thee, Nelly; I'll wed thee, and none else" And Robert Peel did wait. As the girl grew in beauty towards womanhood, his determination to wait for her was strengthened; and after a lapse of ten years—years of close application to business and rapidly increasing prosperity—Robert Peel married Ellen Yates when she had completed her seventeenth year; and the pretty child, whom her mother's lodger and her father's partner had nursed upon his knee, became Mrs. Peel, and eventually Lady Peel, the mother of the future prime minister of England. Lady Peel was a noble and beautiful woman, fitted to grace any station in life. She possessed rare powers of mind, and was on every emergency, the high-souled and faithful counsellor of her husband. For many years after their marriage, she acted as his amanuensis, conducting the principal part of his business correspondence, for Mr. Peel himself was an indifferent and almost unintelligible writer. She died in 1803, only three years after the baronety had been conferred upon her husband. It is said that London fashionable life—so unlike what she had been accustomed to at home—proved injurious to her health; and old Mr. Yates was afterwards accustomed to say, "if Robert hadn't made our Nelly a "Lady," she might ha' been living yet."

GOOD ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

Horace Greeley, in his editorial comments upon his private letter to Wm. H. Seward, draws the following excellent moral from it, which we heartily and cordially endorse:

"A single word of improvement to the young and ardent politicians who may read my letter and this comment. The moral I would inculcate is a trite one, but none the less important. It is summed up in the scriptural injunction—'put not your trust in princes.' Men, even the best, are frail and mutable, while principle is sure and eternal. Be no man's man, but Truth's and your country's. You will be sorely tempted at times to take this or that great man to be your oracle and guide; it is easy and tempting to lean, to follow and to trust; but it is safer and wiser to look ever through your own eyes—to tread your own path—to trust implicitly in God alone. The atmosphere is a little warmer inside some great man's castle, but the free air of heaven is ever so much purer and more bracing."

BEECHER ON EATING &c.

I have been asked, sometimes, how I could perform so large an amount of work with apparently so little diminution of strength. I attribute my power of endurance to a long formed habit of observing, every day of my life, the simple laws of health—and none more than the laws of eating. It ceases any longer to be a matter of self-denial. It is almost like an instinct. If I have a severe tax on my brain in the morning, I cannot eat hardly any breakfast. If the whole day is to be one of exertion, I eat very little till the exertion is over. I know that two forces cannot be concentrated in activity at the same time in the body. I know that when the brain works the stomach must rest.

If I am going to be moving about out of doors a good deal I can give a fuller swing to my appetite—which is never exceedingly bad. But if I am engaged actively, and necessarily in mental labor, I cannot eat much. And I have made eating with regularity and with a reference to what I have to do, a habit so long that it ceases any longer to be a subject of thought. It almost takes care of itself. I attribute much of my ability to endure work to good habits of eating, constant attention to the laws of sleep physical exercise, and general cheerfulness.

There is one thing more to be said in this connection. It is not a matter of epicureanism that a man should be dainty concerning the food he eats. On the contrary I hold that a civilized man ought to be civilized in his cookery. I suppose one of the infallable signs of the millennium will be a better regulated kitchen—a kitchen that will not make Christian men sick.

MAHOMMEDAN SERMONIZING.

One morning, Nassr-Eddyn-Effendi ascended into his pulpit to preach, and addressing his hearers, said:

"O believers! know ye what I am going to talk to you about!"

They replied they did not.

"Well then," rejoined he, "since you do not know, do you suppose that I am going to tell you!"

Another morning he again appeared in the pulpit, and said:

"O believers! know ye not what I am going to tell you?"

They replied that they did.

"If you know it then," said he, "I need not tell it to you;" and he descended from the pulpit, and went his way.

His auditors, puzzled what to do, at length agreed that if he again made his appearance some of them would say that they knew, others that they did not.

And again Nassr-Eddyn-Effendi mounted into the pulpit, and said:

"O Mussulmans! know ye what I am going to say to you!"

To which some replied, "We know;" others "We know not."

"Good!" returned he; "let those who know tell those who do not."—*Mysteries of the Desert.*

CHINESE SALUTATIONS.

The salutation between two Chinamen when they meet, consists in each clasping and shaking his own hands, instead of each others, and bowing very profoundly, almost to the ground, several times. A question more common than "How do you do?"—is "Have you eaten rice?" This being the great article of food throughout the empire, and forming the chief and indispensable part of every meal—it is taken for granted that if you have "eaten rice" you are well. Etiquette requires that in conversation each should compliment the other and everything belonging to him, in a most laudatory style; and depreciate himself with all pertaining to him, to the lowest possible point. The following is no exaggeration, though not the precise words:

"What is your honorable name?"

"My insignificant appellation is Wrong."

"Where is your magnificent palace?"

"My contempible hut is at Suchan."

"How many are your illustrious children?"

"My vile worthless brats are five."

"How is the health of your distinguished spouse?"

"My mean, good-for-nothing old woman is well."

THE JAPANESE AND THE LADIES.

Ladies were debarred (says the Boston *Post*) from visiting the Japanese corvette while it lay in San Francirco. But two French ladies were determined to see the decks of the foreign ship; the feminine lexicon, like that of youth, contains "no such word as fail." Accordingly, by the connivance of their husbands, they donned the distinguishing articles of the masculine uniform, and clambered up the ship's sides. As Frenchmen, they were received with remarkable politeness, and carried on a lively conversation with the admiral—the only drawback being that neither could understand the other's language. But when they prepared for departure, and extended their hands to the admiral in leave-taking, that distinguished Japanese perceived a rat, and summoning an attendant, presented the *pseudo* gentlemen with a variety of magnificent hair-pins, bracelets, and furs, remarking that though a Japanese, he was still a man, and could detect the pressure of a lady's hand. The *un*-fair visiters blushed and acknowledged the trowsers.

KIND WORDS.

They never blister the tongue or lips. And we have never heard of one mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much yet they accomplish much. They help one's good-nature and good-will. Soft words soften our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make the blaze more fierce. Kind words make other people good natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a rush of other kinds of words in our days, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and hasty words, and profane words, and warlike words. Kind words also produce their own image on men's souls. And a beautiful image it is. They soothe, and quiet, and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.—*Pascal.*

VERY GOOD.

A correspondent of the *Buffalo Express* says: "My friend asked Anthony Rox, a superb engine driver an the Ohio river, how he came to get free. "Why, Massa Vincent, my health was berry bad when I was in Kentucky; I couldn't do no kind of work; I was berry feeble; 'twas jes as much as I could do to hoe my own garden, and eat de sass; and de Missus what owned me see dat I was a mis'able nigger—one of de mis'ablest kind. So I said to her, 'Missus, I'm a mis'able nigger, and I aint worth nothing, and I think you'd better sell me, I'm such a mis'able nigger.' Now, Massa Vincent, I was such a poor nigger that Missus 'greed to sell me for a hundred dollars, and I 'greed to try to work and earn the money to pay her, and did, and my health has been gettin' better eber since, and I specks I made about nine hundred dollars dat time out of dat nigger. Wah! wah! Massa Vincent."

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